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SATURDAY, MARCH 25, 1876.

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TURN OR BURN.

RECENT events, culminating in the crime and disgrace of the Secretary of War, the return of our minister in England under a charge of swindling, and the declaration of the Attorney-General that he has "ascertained" the private secretary of the President to be a thief of private papers, leave no sensible Republican in doubt that there is but one way in which Republican success can be assured in the Presidential election of this year. That way lies in a radical and thorough change of the spirit and character and tone of administration. It is puerile to say that Mr. BELKNAP is only an individual, and that a party should not be held responsible for the conduct and character of all who choose to act with it. Our government is one of parties, and the party in power can not evade its responsibility. What is the value of party principles and professions if the men trusted to put them into practice are unfaithful or dishonest? Can the Republican party, for instance, claim to be a party of civil service reform merely because at its last National Convention it declared for it in the most unreserved terms, but when it had gained power contemptuously discarded it? Or can the Democratic party claim to be in any sense the party of hard money, whatever it may say in New York or elsewhere, while its majority in the House shivers and yields to the rag champions? The truth is undeniable that ten years ago the Republican party had the fairest opportunity that was ever offered to a political organization. Is it any less true that this year its only chance of success lies in its power to persuade the country that it is not hopelessly corrupt?

The President must bear his share of the responsibility for this lamentable result. The very fact that his administration has been peculiarly a personal government—that he has regarded his office as a reward given to him for his great services, and not as a trust to be administered for the common welfare—exposes him to stronger condemnation. He has forgotten the great truth which JEFFERSON stated to AARON BURR, "that in a government like ours it was necessary to embrace in its administration as great a mass of public confidence as possible by employing those who had a character with the public of their own, and not merely a secondary one through the Executive." It is undeniable that he has maintained the most intimate relations with men who were not generally respected, and that the plainer the reasons of the disrespect became, the closer he has clung to them. With conspicuous exceptions, the better element of the party has regretfully withdrawn from a warm and confident support of his Administration. The countenance of men so justly honored and eminent as Mr. FISH, Judge HOAR, and Mr. BRISTOW has only served to mark more forcibly the breach that has silently and surely divided Republicans. And the President's hope of securing a third nomination—a hope upon his part and a design upon that of his closest and most intimate supporters, of which our information leaves us in no doubt whatever—was instantly resisted by the truly patriotic part of the party as dangerous to the best interests of the country.

Yet all this, as we believe, has been wholly without ill intent, and is due to ignorance, a mistaken view of his position, of the duties of personal friendship, and of political responsibility. The President has had a sincerely patriotic desire to do his duty, but his conception of it has been confused and obscure. His appointment of a mere personal friend like Mr. BORIE as Secretary of the Navy, and his naïve request to Congress to alter the law so that Mr. STEWART might be Secretary of the Treasury, were the consequence of his entire ignorance of politics and public men and the relations of public affairs, but were also the evidence of his sincere wish to do the best that he could do in a new and strange post by surrounding himself with men whom at least he personally knew. Mr. BORIE did not wish to accept the appointment, but the President put him upon his friendship, and asked him not to desert him when he needed the support of those whom he knew. Nor must it be forgotten by those who condemn, and properly condemn, personal government, that when the President yielded to political usage, and nominated Mr. BOUTWELL, a well-known and trusted Republican, to the Treasury, he was condemned for surrendering to the politicians, although at that very time Mr. FISH, Judge HOAR, and General COX were members of his cabinet. It is this good purpose, of which there are constant indications—the permanent one being the presence of Mr. FISH at the head of the cabinet, and the steady friendship of men like Judge HOAR—which made Mr. SUMNER'S unqualified denunciations of the President essentially unjust, and which has made those who had personal knowledge of him unwilling to join the undiscriminating cry against him. We have known him to be the victim of a deliberate lie, widely and rancorously repeated, and when urged to authorize a denial, quietly replying that for every lie denied, a dozen fresh ones would be invented. Hints have been whispered against his personal probity, but it has never been successfully assailed. If any thing could have been proved, it would have been proved long ago. The President is an intense partisan, and slow to believe evil of his political or personal friends. But it is notorious that his friendship with M'DONALD and SHEPHERD, his restoration of BABCOCK to his position of private secretary after his trial, and his retention of General SCHENCK in London after so forbearing a friend as the Secretary of State admitted that he had done things inconsistent with his position as minister, have sorely tried the faith and patience of many of the stanchest Republicans in the country. These are all matters of recent notoriety, and it is not necessary to recall others which are not forgotten. They do not affect personal honesty, but they imply the want of certain qualities which are indispensable in a President.

The sordid crime of a member of the cabinet has served to confirm popular suspicions which were most unwillingly entertained. No newspaper can give any reader any information in regard to the results of the exposure upon the public mind. They have been most disheartening. It is not an individual offense. It not only affects an Administration and a party, but the good name of the country and the principle of popular government. Every American shares the reproach, and the indignation will logically and properly turn toward those who under our system must be held responsible. Every intelligent Republican knows this. But fortunately he knows also that we are a very practical people, and that we seldom sacrifice a substance to a shadow, or surrender to a theory. Instead of saying at once that the Republican party is corrupt, and that therefore the Democrats must be sustained, every sensible man sees that the matter is not quite so simple. He asks himself whether this very event will not put the party under the control of a different class of leaders, which is all that the country requires. For there is no doubt that the principles of the Republican party, as they are generally understood, are acceptable to the patriotic and intelligent majority, and that there is an equally general distrust and dread of a Democratic restoration. The cardinal necessity of the hour, therefore, is to convince the country that Republican ascendency is to be maintained by men whose names and characters are the earnest that the influences which have degraded and imperiled the party have been rigorously discarded. The vital point in the Republican campaign and in the National Convention will not be what is said, but what is done. Fine professions of reform, with candidates who are themselves constituent parts of the thing to be reformed, will not carry the country. Would the Convention declare for honesty, economy, and purity of administration, and then nominate General BABCOCK, or Governor SHEPHERD, or General SCHENCK, or General BUTLER? Certainly not. Yet the reasons which would forbid such nominations are equally conclusive against that of any candidate who has been the defender and abettor of such Republicans, and who is of the same school of political morality.

There is a deep and general dread of Democratic success in the election of this year, but there is an equal indignation with the corruption that has been developed under Republican auspices. And that indignation will defeat the party if the party can not prove by its nomination that those who have controlled, control no longer. If it could be known that the influences which have ruled were to continue to rule at the White House, the Republican party would be already defeated. Safety lies in breaking with the recent past absolutely and utterly. We have been sometimes classed with the grumblers. But is it those of us who have grumbled, who have insisted that good policy—if no more—required the favoring of men like R. H. DANA, Jun., and Judge TAFT, and not of such as SHEPHERD, who have harmed the party, or those who have acquiesced in every thing, and vehemently and vociferously flattered and defended every gross and startling error of the Administration? The issue in the election of this year is immense and vital. Let not New York fatally mistake the situation. If her Republican delegation goes to Cincinnati pledged without discretion to the support of her brilliant Senator, it will go pledged to the fortune of the cleverest and most unshrinking courtier of an Administration under which the Republican party has been well-nigh ruined.

THE ATTORNEY-GENERAL'S LETTER.

THE Attorney-General has written a letter explaining his letter to the Western District Attorneys, on the eve of BABCOCK'S trial, which was interpreted as a discouragement of witnesses for the government. The chief law officer of the Administration was left by the interpretation in the very unpleasant attitude of prostituting his authority to insure a defeat of the people and the triumph of the Whiskey Ring. The letter in question, it will be remembered, insisted that no man who had confessed his guilt should go unpunished. Now the chief reliance of the government prosecution was upon state's evidence, and the condition of securing that evidence is always the immunity of the witness. The Secretary of the Treasury, as long ago as October of last year, had warned the District Attorneys to use their discretion, and not to make terms with any guilty person unless some important end was to be gained. This was the necessary condition, and it was under this instruction that the prosecutions had been conducted, the rogues convicted, and BABCOCK indicted. It seemed unnecessary to say any thing more upon the subject.

But about the middle of January BABCOCK was indicted. According to the Attorney-General's statement, this was also the very time when the President became apprehensive that bargains were in progress by which the thieves would escape by giving evidence against others. This was also the time when it was known at the White House that guilty persons were ready to testify against BABCOCK. On the 26th of January the Attorney-General wrote the letter at the President's request, which was said to be "discouraging" to such guilty persons, by warning them that their evidence would not save them from punishment. This letter was written, so far as the Attorney-General's statement shows, without the knowledge of the Secretary of the Treasury, under whose general superintendence the suits were prosecuted, and who, on his part, was expected to acquaint the President with every step taken by his department, including the names of the witnesses summoned, and what they were expected to testify. Moreover, the letter of the Attorney-General did not repeat the direction of the Secretary that the District Attorneys were to make terms at their discretion with the guilty persons, but was a general allegation of an apprehension that too many were escaping, and that the public ought to see that no one who had confessed guilt had been suffered to evade punishment. This was a confidential letter of instructions. It was known only to the Attorney-General, to the President, and necessarily to his secretary, BABCOCK. It was absolutely private, but as the government relied in its prosecution of BABCOCK upon just those guilty persons, it was of vital importance to BABCOCK that they should know their confessions would not save them. The letter was dated on the 26th of January. The 30th was Sunday, and the confidential letter had barely time to reach the attorneys at St. Louis, Milwaukee, and Chicago, to whom it was addressed, when it was published in full in a dispatch from Washington of the 31st of January in the Chicago *Times* of the 1st of February. And all the witnesses upon whom the government necessarily mainly relied were thus warned that their evidence against BABCOCK would not help themselves.

This confidential official letter was given to the reporter of the Chicago *Times*, as Mr. NORDHOFF says in a letter to the *Herald*, by Mr. EMORY STORRS, the counsel of BABCOCK, who was in Washington at the time the Attorney-General's letter was written. Who gave it to Mr. STORRS? The Attorney-General certainly did not. He says that the President declared he knew nothing of the means by which it became public. And the Attorney-General adds that he has ascertained that BABCOCK, or some one for him, without the President's knowledge, obtained a copy of the letter, and the publication followed. Now of all these proceedings the Secretary of the Treasury, so far as appears, was totally ignorant. He had communicated, of course, the evidence of guilty persons upon which the case against BABCOCK depended. Unknown to him, the President directs the Attorney-General to write the letter; BABCOCK obtains it; his counsel publishes it just in time, and BABCOCK is acquitted. The painful question which this narrative presses upon attention is whether the President would have directed such a letter to be written if BABCOCK had not been indicted, and whether there are still others who were to be shielded by it? The President undoubtedly regarded the indictment of BABCOCK as a blow at himself, and a "persecution," as Mr. Attorney BLISS, of New York, called it, of his innocent secretary. What does he think now? With the unexplained telegrams, with the adjurations from BABCOCK not to be brought to St. Louis, with the publication of the Attorney-General's letter in full view, what does he think now? When his secretary returned to him acquitted, did the President think that his conduct had been that of an innocent and wronged man?

Meanwhile certain gentlemen are subscribing to a fund to pay General BABCOCK'S expenses. Do they include the cost of copying the Attorney-General's letter?

A NEW PARTY.

THERE are Republicans who see in the disgrace of Mr. BELKNAP a disaster so fatal that they despair of the party. Reform within the party they declare to be impossible. The machinery, they insist, is in the hands of those who will nominate candidates who will be only an earnest of an indefinite continuance of all that has brought us low. The only hope, they think, is in the prompt formation of a new party and the resolute union of all honest men. That would certainly be an excellent party: and the expression of disgust and despondency is at this time very natural. We have seen droll letters to the papers proposing that a new party be formed at once, as if it were a business of laying out a new road or forming a whist club. We invite the attention of honest Republicans who are thinking of such a movement as a practical resource to a few considerations. First of all, the effort would simply split the Republican party, and insure beyond any question a Democratic success. Yet this is the very thing which such Republicans would avoid, because they know that Democratic success would be the triumph of a party without principle or policy, controlled by an element of rancorous hostility to the victors in the war, and driving straight to repudiation and a violation of the national faith. In the present situation no Democrat is likely to leave his party to combine with Republicans in forming one which can not hope to succeed. The only ground upon which a Democrat could be approached for such a purpose is that of a sound currency. But we have already seen the hard-money Mr. THURMAN supporting the soft-money Mr. ALLEN, and the hard-money Governor TILDEN wishing success to the soft-money Democracy of Ohio, and the hard-money Mr. BAYARD favoring "compromise" in the Washington caucus of his party. These gentlemen are for Democratic success with hard money, if practicable; if not, then for Democratic success. The new party, therefore, would be merely a Republican division.

The organization of a new party in the presence of a Presidential election implies in every district of every State a body of men who are ready to give a great deal of money, time, and labor to the work. It implies a State Convention of such persons, and nominations duly made for every district, with the probability of revealing the weakness both in numbers and political standing of the prominent actors. We do not go to the polls and write the name of a Presidential candidate upon a paper and drop it in a box. We vote in New York for thirty-five persons, none of whom are Presidential candidates. To do this effectively, there must be committees, money, and complete organization. Let every Republican who would like to see a new party consider how much of this work he is willing to do, and how many neighbors he can count who are of a like mind. There is a great deal of justifiable wrath with the "caucus," and a great contempt of the men who "manage" elections and conventions. But while the government is one of parties, wise men who would produce results will consider the con-

ditions under which results are possible. Party despotism, indeed, is a despicable tyranny. No honorable or patriotic man will endure it. He will support no candidate, however regularly nominated, whom he considers to be unfit or dishonest. If the party nominates them, so much the worse for the party. But while this is all true, it is not less true that capable and fit men can not be elected and good measures can not be carried without party organization. The important point to ascertain is just when it is hopeless to expect such men or measures from the action of the party that we have supported.

Some Republicans are inclined to ask whether that time has not come for them. They do not deny that the result may be a Democratic success, which they deplore. But they ask whether, unless they are to be dragged forever after the party chariot, driven by hands and in ways which they distrust and condemn, they must not take the risk, clear their own consciences, and let consequences rest where they belong. There could be no doubt of this if it were evident that the evil tendencies could not be checked nor the evil mastery mastered. But is this so? Is not the history of the last eighteen months full of instances that show the power of the best forces to obtain control? In the State of Connecticut, only a fortnight ago, and before the BELKNAP exposure, the Republicans nominated candidates of the very kind that every good citizen would gladly see elected. If such a result is possible in Connecticut, why not elsewhere? It was accomplished there because every honorable Republican concerned was resolved that it should be. Why should not the same thing, by the same resolution, be done in New York and in the National Convention? Why should those who wish that the party should be wisely led decide, before they have tried, that it is impossible? To make that decision and to act upon it is to betray the government into the hands of the Democratic party. It is useless to say, as we have sometimes heard, that it would be but for four years—long enough to frighten and punish the Republicans. If the Democrats return to power, as Mr. HILL said of the Confederates, they return to stay. With the enormous patronage and the intimidation of the negro, they would maintain their hold. Is it worth while for Republicans who have carefully measured the probable results of that restoration to make it certain without a vigorous struggle?

We do not so understand the duty of patriotic and honest men. That duty, as we conceive it, is to spare no effort to defeat within the party the leadership of those who are largely responsible for the degradation of the party. It is to condemn mercenary politics by refusing to follow mercenary politicians. It is to make a determined effort to obtain the control of the party every where, as it has been obtained in Connecticut. When that effort is foiled, when it is indisputably clear that the men and tendencies and spirit that have disheartened the party are too strong to be disturbed, and that a change in the character and tone of administration is plainly impossible, it will be time for every Republican who values his country more than his party to consider whether it is not his duty to protest by opposing his party. But that time will not come if such men are courageous and active, and will work instead of grumbling and despairing.

THE NEW YORK MUNICIPAL SOCIETY.

THE New York Municipal Society is formed at an auspicious moment. It is an association of public-spirited gentlemen, among whom are those most eminent in political good works, and who never despair of the republic, and whose object is plainly stated. It is to secure better laws, honest, efficient, and economical municipal government, reduction of taxation and of the city debt, and wise legislation for the State. These, indeed, are the objects of all good citizens in a vague and general way. But this society proposes to bring not only a moral influence, but trained sagacity, to bear upon political reform and progress. Plainly this can not be done by individual isolation and mere loud applause of any chance good endeavor. It can be done only by association, suggestion, shrewd discussion, and shaping of practical measures. This, again, is the theory of action of all our political assemblies. It was, indeed, the fact of the town-meetings of a century ago. But nothing is further from the fact of our ordinary primary meetings and political conventions now. There is really no primary oral discussion of political measures now carried on in the country. The newspapers and the Legislatures monopolize it; and in the Legislature measures are not considered upon their merits so much as upon interested grounds.

The Municipal Society is to consist of one hundred regular and thirty-five honorary members, and it is a fundamental condition of regular membership not to solicit or accept any nomination for political office during the term of membership, nor for ninety days afterward. If we add that Mr. DORMAN B. EATON is president, and Messrs. SAMUEL D. BABCOCK, CHARLES O'CONOR, WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, JOHN A. DIX, and HOWARD POTTER vice-presidents, it is evident under what favorable auguries the good work begins. There are, indeed, a great host who will smile at the well-meaning hopelessness of any attempt to improve municipal or any other kind of politics. It is the host—lamentably large for the Centennial year—who are of opinion that honesty, economy, and decency have departed from our politics forever. Astræa has ascended, and will return no more. This is an ancient and venerable company. Twenty years ago they smiled with the same sneer at the futile folly of expecting to achieve any change in the system of slavery. Only sentimental fools and crack-brained fanatics, it was thought, could entertain any such hope. The skeptical and scornful host were very lofty and wise. But slavery is gone. Eight years ago they were equally sure that nothing could be done about TWEED and the Tammany Ring. They had every thing at command. They had bound the city as securely as the Lilliputians bound Gulliver, and nothing but a revolution could emancipate us. And who was going to lead a revolution? Besides, if they stole our money, they gave us something for it. There were the Dutch tulips in the Park, and the concrete pavement. Besides, again, they were rich enough now, and having made their money, would proceed to earn the general gratitude by giving us the best government on the continent. The scoffers were exceedingly scornful of any possibility of change. But TWEED is gone.

The spirit that doubts the efficiency or use of a society like the Municipal is precisely that which sneered at the possibility of emancipation or of breaking the TWEED Ring. It is the inert, fat, dull doubt of every generous aim or high endeavor. Progress is every where apparent, despite the unhappy events of the hour. Penal laws have been steadily ameliorated, for instance; charities and prisons are the subject of constant and sagacious observation, criticism, and improvement. Life is richer, civilization is more refined, than in times that are passed. And it is the tireless faith of a few which constantly lifts the world forward. Even those who do not cry "Crucify them," think that they die as fools. But it is the good men and citizens, not the bad, who are the salt of human society and forever save it. It is they who believe that things can be done who do them. And so we heartily bid the Municipal Society godspeed.

A MISCHIEVOUS COMMON-SCHOOL BILL.

A VERY mischievous bill has been introduced into the New York Legislature, to which we ask the careful attention of those members who are interested in the welfare of the common schools. It was introduced by Mr. SCHOONMAKER in the Senate on the 3d of February, and its scope may not have been perceived even by those who have observed it. The bill is very short, and authorizes the County Judge in every county of the State, except New York and Brooklyn, to appoint seven residents of the county, four of whom shall be officers connected with common schools, and three of whom shall be teachers, who are to meet by the 1st of July, 1876, and "select, determine, and designate from the text-books in use in the common schools in their respective counties a uniform set of text-books to be used in such schools," and such books are to "continue to be used, without change, for the period of six years" from the 1st of next September.

Here is an iron, inflexible rule which forbids the scholars in the common schools of the State during the important, and in most cases the only, period of their education, to derive any advantage whatever from the increase of knowledge and from the improvement in its presentation which may be made during that time. Besides this, it discourages and paralyzes all who would wish to make such improvements by depriving them of the chance of the adoption of their books by the schools during all this time. It strikes a fatal blow, also, at that perfect freedom of competition in production which is the life of every honest and laudable pursuit, and is a totally unnecessary interference with a most useful industry. The school authorities are now at liberty to adopt and change text-books at their discretion. This is certainly the rule that should exist. No good reason can be given for changing it. It is the policy of common-sense. Those authorities are responsible, and they ought to be responsible, for the selection of the best text-books that may at any time be accessible. If they abuse their trust, and make wanton changes, the parents at the school elections have the remedy in their hands.

The very terms of this bill, also, suggest jobbery. The text-books are to be selected from those in use, and from those only. But these are the property of certain owners, and the bill is thus simply an act granting these owners an absolute monopoly for a period of six years. Every member of the Legislature will see that the immediate consequence of the bill would be to stimulate the most unscrupulous rivalry among those owners to have their books "the text-books in use" in the common schools at the time the designation is to be made. In every point of view the bill is objectionable and suspicious, and we trust that it will be thoroughly scrutinized, exposed, and defeated.

PERSONAL.

MR. RICHARD H. DANA, Jun., the new minister to England, is the first for many years who in the matter of religious faith is in thorough accord with the Established Church of that country. Mr. DANA is not only an Episcopalian, but is one of that comparatively small number who are the advocates of an advanced ritualism. He is known throughout Massachusetts, and, indeed, in the Church generally, as a very earnest working Churchman, prominent in her various organizations for promoting the efficiency and success of Church work. It is thirty-six years since his first book, *Two Years Before the Mast*, was published by HARPER & BROTHERS.

—The Duke of Athole—the principal MURRAY of Scotland—is a young gentleman of thirty-six, who holds one dukedom, two marquisates, five earldoms, three titles as viscount, and twelve as baron—twenty-three titles in all, six more than any other nobleman in the United Kingdom.

—Mr. HENRY S. ROBINSON, the Republican candidate for Governor of Connecticut, was a member of the somewhat famous class of 1853 of Yale College. Other members of the class are Judge EDWARD C. BILLINGS, of Louisiana, Mr. ISAAC H. BROMLEY, one of the leading editorial writers on the *Tribune*, Congressman RANDALL L. GIBSON, CHARLTON T. LEWIS, the Hon. WAYNE M'VEAGH, District Attorney BENJAMIN K. PHELPS, Mr. GEORGE W. SMALLEY, Mr. EDMUND C. STEDMAN, and President ANDREW D. WHITE.

—Mr. CHARLES WELLS, the unrecognized poet whom Mr. SWINBURNE lately brought to light, is now highly praised by the London critical journals. His book of poems was published fifty years ago, and fell dead from the press. The *Athenæum* says, "He is still alive to enjoy in such twilight comfort as he may this strangely belated fame."

—The Khedive of Egypt is the largest land-owner in Egypt. He inherited much, and has purchased more. One-fifth of the arable land in the country belongs to him, yet he is unable to make his farming pay, and he is heavily weighted by mortgage.

—The Right Hon. ROBERT LOWE, late Chancellor of the Exchequer, regarding the Liberal cause in England as run out, now devotes his time to bicycling, and has become president of the West Kent Bicycle Club.

—Whether true or not, whether just or not, the ROTHSCHILDS are said to have adhered to one rule very strictly in their business, and that is, not to trust or have any thing to do with a man who happens to be physically out of plumb. A cripple from birth they avoid; they do not want his paper; they are averse to his collaterals; and it is said by close observers that the rule of the ROTHSCHILDS is a good one. Moral: in money and in morals, in decency and in dimes, in person and in piety, keep plumb.

—Mr. ALEXANDER AGASSIZ has just been elected in his father's place to the three principal zoological and natural history societies of Europe, namely, the Zoological Society of London, the Linnæan Society of London, and the Imperial Society of Natural History of Moscow. He has been also the first to receive the grand honorary WALKER prize of the Boston Society of Natural History, which is given once in five years for the most important publication during that period relating to the natural history of the United States.

—Mr. DISRAELI, who is admitted by Englishmen to be one of the most effective Parliamentary speakers of the last two generations, has one peculiarity that might be imitated with advantage by the legislators of this country. By far the larger proportion of his speeches, including many of the more brilliant, have not exceeded twenty minutes' duration. It has been ascertained that the Old Testament was written with 5642 words, that MILTON used only 8000 words for the making of his poems, and that SHAKSPEARE employed only 15,000. The moral of these figures is that if there are, comparatively speaking, so few words in the English language, a man who talks for two hours on a single subject falls under the grave suspicion of vain repetition, not to say causeless cackling.

—The *Evening Post* states that Mr. DANA, if he accepts, "will be the sixth minister who has been sent to England from Massachusetts, viz., JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, EDWARD EVERETT, GEORGE BANCROFT, CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, and JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY." The *Post* forgets ABBOTT LAWRENCE, who was minister to England from 1849 to 1852.

—The late WILLIAM B. REED once described a learned brother as "suffering from that worst of all maladies, a retention of oratory."

—Lord Chief Justice COCKBURN is to preside at the next annual festival of the Newspaper Press Fund, London, which is to be held on the 2d of May.

—It is said that the late REVERDY JOHNSON had his life insured in different companies to the amount of $100,000.

—MAX MÜLLER has finally consented to remain at Oxford, having arranged to be relieved entirely of educational duties, at a loss of half his income. He is to edit for the University Press all the sacred books of the world except the Bible and the Chinese Scriptures, which last will be undertaken by Dr. LEGGE, who is to be the first occupant of the Chinese chair at Oxford.

—The authorship of *The Queen of Connaught*, a remarkably original and interesting novel recently published by the HARPERS, has been wrongly ascribed to Mr. CHARLES READE. This is a high compliment to the real author, Miss HARRIET JAY, in whose work the discerning public was quick to perceive an exceptional talent in narration, construction of plot, and delineation of character.

—Colonel WILLIAM P. ROSS, the new agent for the five Indian nations in the Indian Territory, has been chief of the Cherokee Nation for a number of years. He was graduated from Princeton College, and is a fine-appearing man, about fifty years of age, who, though born from Indian parents, is almost white.

—Professor LOWELL, as illustrating the humorous, mentions an advertisement that caught his eye some time since: "Wanted, by a boy, a situation in an eating-house. He is used to the business."

—JOAQUIN MILLER's first complete story, *The First Families of the Sierras*, sketching the rough early days of California, will soon be published by our enterprising contemporaries, JANSEN, M'CLURG, & CO., of Chicago. Those who have had a glance at the proof sheets speak of it as a work of marked ability. Mr. MILLER is sometimes alluded to as one of those strange men of the prairie whose especial forte and delight is the killing of Indians for pastime and buffaloes for food. He is, on the contrary, an exceedingly quiet, diffident, gentlemanly young man, very industrious, self-respectful, simple in his way of life, and has the practical good sense to invest in solid securities the respectable income from his labors not required for his support.

—Certain peculiarities of two of the most prominent members of the British cabinet, as they appear in debate in the House of Commons, are thus noted in the London *World*: "Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE (Chancellor of the Exchequer) possesses few natural gifts of oratory, save the prime one of capacity to make a clear statement on an involved case; and it is pretty to note that his solitary affectation of oratorical grace is strictly copied from Mr. DISRAELI's manner. When the Premier has worked himself up to a certain pitch in his argument, he indulges in a curious gesture, which he in his turn must have acquired from observation of children bathing. With elbows pressed against his sides, hands open and slightly turned inward toward each other, the right hon. gentleman is accustomed, in the heat of his oratorical passion, to throw out his hands, palms upward, jerkily toward the House, as if he were splashing it with water which reached up to his own breast. This is a gesture which Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE has caught to perfection, and now there remains for him only to consider on æsthetic grounds whether it was worth the trouble of acquisition."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS: In the House, on the 6th, bills were introduced for the protection of witnesses for the United States, and to prevent their intimidation. A resolution was also adopted to appoint a select committee to investigate the action of government officials in connection with the recent whiskey trials.—On the 7th, the House adopted a resolution ordering its Judiciary Committee to refuse to obey the orders of the Supreme Court of the District to testify before or to lay before the Grand Jury the papers relating to the crime and impeachment of ex-Secretary Belknap.—The Senate, on the 8th, by a vote of 32 to 29, refused to admit Mr. Pinchback as a Senator from Louisiana. The House passed resolutions instructing the Judiciary Committee to proceed with the preparation of articles of impeachment against ex-Secretary Belknap.—On the 10th, the Senate by a vote of 35 to 15 passed the bill admitting New Mexico as a State.

The Hon. Judge Taft, of Ohio, has accepted the nomination for Secretary of War, and Mr. Richard H. Dana, Jun., of Massachusetts, has been offered the appointment of minister to England.

A freight train with a passenger car attached, on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, fell through a bridge sixty-three miles from Harper's Ferry, on the 6th, and eleven persons were killed.

The trial of the Tweed civil suit, to recover $6,000,000 stolen by the Ring, ended on the 8th with a verdict for the people of $4,719,940 35, and $1,817,177 03 interest.

The Connecticut Greenback Convention met at Meriden, on the 9th, and nominated Charles Atwater for Governor, and Francis Gillette for Lieutenant-Governor.

A fire occurred, early on the morning of the 7th, in the east wing of the Home for the Aged, in East Brooklyn, conducted by the Little Sisters of the Poor. Eighteen old men were burned to death.

FOREIGN NEWS.

A BERLIN dispatch to the *Pall Mall Gazette* says that a fresh difficulty in the way of peace has arisen in Turkey. The Christian subjects of the Sultan have hitherto been exempt from military duty, and they now refuse to continue to pay the exemption tax, and offer instead to give their military services. The Christians justify their action on the promise contained in the Sultan's *irade* of full and perfect equality with the Mohammedans. The Sublime Porte refuses to accept, on the ground that the Christians are not to be trusted in the army.

The bill appropriating the money for the purchase of the Suez Canal shares passed to a third reading in the British House of Commons on the 6th.

The supplemental elections held in France on the 5th, for delegates to the Chamber of Deputies, resulted as follows: Constitutional Conservatives, 11; members of the Left Centre, 14; Republicans, 36; Radicals, 10; Bonapartists, 27; Legitimists, 9.

The people in the Westmanna Islands, a group south of Iceland, are said to be suffering from a terrible famine caused by the failure of last year's fisheries.

The French ministry has been definitively constituted as follows: M. Dufaure, Vice-President of the Council and Minister of Justice; M. Ricard, Minister of the Interior; M. Waddington, Minister of Public Instruction and Worship; M. Christophle, Minister of Public Works; M. Teisserene de Bort, Minister of Agriculture and Commerce; Admiral Fourichon, Minister of the Marine; M. Léon Say, Minister of Finance; General De Cissey, Minister of War; the Duc Decazes, Minister of Foreign Affairs. All the members of the new cabinet belong to the Left Centre.

The Spanish government, by royal decree, permits the Carlists who fled from the country since the 1st day of February to return to Spain, if they do so within forty days. Leaders must first swear allegiance, but all Carlists who formerly held offices in Spain are excluded.

Japan has declared war against Corea, and has blockaded the Corean ports.

The report that General Schenck, the late American minister to England, was recalled at the request of the British government was denied, on the 10th, in the House of Commons.

THE MARTHA WASHINGTON RECEPTION, NEW YORK ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—Drawn by C. S. Reinhart.—[See Page 250.]

CRIPPS, THE CARRIER.

By R. D. BLACKMORE,
Author of "The Maid of Sker," "Lorna Doone," "Alice Lorraine," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXIX.

A SPIDER'S DINNER PARTY.

Now was the happy time when Oxford, ever old, yet ever fresh with the gay triennial crown of youth, was preparing itself for that sweet leisure for which it is seldom ill prepared. Being the paramount castle and strongest feudal hold of stout "idlesse," this fair city has not much to do to get itself into prime condition for the noblest efforts and most arduous feats of invincible laziness. The first and most essential step is to summon all her students, and send them to chapel to pay their vows. After this there need be no misgiving or fear of industry. With one accord they issue forth, all pledged to do nothing for the day, week, or month; each intellectual brow is stamped with the strongest resolve not to open a book; and

Games are the spur which the clear spirit doth raise,
To scorn the Dons, and live luxurious days.

This being so, whether winter shatters the Isid wave against Folly bridge, or spring's arrival rustles in the wavering leaves of Magdalen, or autumn strews the chastened fragrance of many brewers on ripe air—how much more when beauteous summer fosters the coy down on the lip of the junior sophist like thistle seed, and casts the freshman's shadow hotly on the flags of High Street—now or never is the proper period not to overwork one's self, and the hour for taking it easy.

But against each sacred rite and hallowed custom of the place, against each good old-fashioned smoothness and fine-fed sequacity, a rapid stir was now arising, and a strong desire to give a shove. There were some few people who really thought that the little world in which they lay was one they ought to move in; that perfect life was not to be had without some attempt at breathing; and that a fire (though beautifully laid) gives little warmth till it is kindled.

However, these were young fellows mostly, clever in their way, but not quite sound; and the heads of houses, generally speaking, abode on the house-top, and did not come down. Still, they kept their sagacious eyes on the movement gathering down below, and made up their minds to crush it as soon as they could be quite certain of being too late. But these things ride not upon the cart of Cripps—though Cripps can argue when you beat him down.

After the Easter vacation was over, with too few fattening festivals, the most popular tutor in Brasenose (being the only one who ever tried to teach) came back to his rooms and his college work with a very fine appetite for doing good. According, at least, to his own ideas of good, and duty, and usefulness; all of which were fundamentally wrong in the opinion of the other tutors. But Hardenow, while he avoided carefully all disputes with his colleagues, strictly kept to his own course, and doing more work than the other five (all put together) attempted, was permitted to have his own way, because of the trouble there might be in stopping him.

The college met for the idle term, on Saturday morning, as usual. On Saturday afternoon Hardenow led off his old "squad," with two new recruits, for their fifteen miles of hard walking. Athletics and training were as yet unknown (except with the "eight" for Henley), and this Tractarian movement may have earned its name, ere the birth of No. 90, from the tract of road traversed, in a toe-and-heel track, by the fine young fellows who were up to it. At any rate that was what the country people said, and these are more often right than wrong, and the same opinion still abides with them.

Hardenow only took this long tramp for the sake of collecting his forces. Saturday was not their proper day for this very admirable coat-tail chase. Neither did they swallow hill and plain in this manner on a Sunday. Lectures were needful to fetch them up to the proper pitch for striding so. Wherefore on the morrow Mr. Hardenow was free for a cruise on his own account, after morning sermon at St. Mary's; and not having heard of his old friend Russel for several weeks, he resolved to go and hunt him up in his own home.

It was not a possible thing for this very active and spare-bodied man to lounge upon his road. Whatever it was that he undertook, he carried on the action with such a swing and emphasis, that he seemed to be doing nothing else. He wore a short spencer and a long-tailed coat, "typical"—to use the pet word of that age—both of his curt brevity and his ankle-reaching gravity. His jacket stuck into him, and his coat struck away with the power of an adverse wind, while the boys turned back and stared at him; but he was so

"RANG SUCH A PEAL AS THE OLD BELL HAD NEVER GIVEN TONGUE TO BEFORE."

accustomed to that sort of thing that he never thought of looking round. He might have been tail-piped for seven leagues without troubling his head about it.

This was a man of great power of mind, and led up to a lofty standard; pure, unselfish, good, and grand (so far as any grandeur can be in the human compound), watchful over himself at almost every corner of his ways, kind of heart, and fond of children; loving all simplicity, quick to catch and glance the meaning of minds very different from his own; subtle also, and deep to reason, but never much inclined to argue. He had a shy and very peculiar manner of turning his eyes away from even an under-graduate when his words did not command assent; as sometimes happened with freshmen full of conceit from some great public school.

The manner of his mind was never to assert itself, or enter into controversy. He felt that no arguments would stir himself, when he had solidly cast his thoughts; and he had of all courtesies the rarest (at any rate with Englishmen), the courtesy of hoping that another could reason as well as himself.

In this honest and strenuous nature there was one deficiency. The Rev. Thomas Hardenow, copious of mind and active, clear of memory, and keen at every knot of scholarship, patient and candid too, and not at all intolerant, yet never could reach the highest rank through want of native humor. His view of things was nearly always anxious and earnest. His standing-point was so fixed and stable, that every subject might be said to revolve on its own axis during its revolution round him; and the side that never presented itself was the ludicrous or lightsome one.

As he strode up the hill, with the back of his leg-line concave at the calf, instead of convex (whenever his fluttering skirt allowed a glimpse of what he never thought about), it was brought home suddenly to his ranging mind that he was not far from Beckley. At a bend of the rising road he turned, and endwise down a plait of hills, and between soft pillowy folds of trees, the simple old church of Beckley stood, for his thoughts to make the most of it. And, to guide them, the chime of the gentle bells, foretelling of the service at three o'clock, came on the tremulous conveyance of the wind, murmuring the burden he knew so well—"old men and ancient dames, married folk and children, bachelors and maidens, all come to church!"

Hardenow thought of the months he had spent, some few years back, in that quiet place; of the long, laborious, lonesome days, the solid hours divided well, the space allotted for each hard drill; then (when the pages grew dim and dark, and the bat flitted over the lattice, or the white owl sailed to the rick-yard) the glory of sallying into the air, inhaling grander volumes than ever from mortal breath proceeded, and plunging into leaves that speak of one great Author only. And well he remembered in all that toil the pure delight of the Sunday; the precious balm of kicking out both legs, and turning on the pillow until eight o'clock; the leisurely breakfast with the Saturday papers, instead of Aristotle; the instructive and amusing walk to church, where every body admired him, and he set the fashion for at least ten years; the dread of the parson that a man who was known as the best of his year at Oxford should pick out the fallacies of his old logic; and then the culminating triumph of Sabbatic jubilee—the dinner, the dinner, wherewith the whole week had been privily gestating; up to that crowning moment when Cripps, in a coat of no mean broadcloth, entered with a dish of Crippsic size, with the "trimmings" coming after him in a tray, and lifting the cover with a pant and flourish, said, "Well, Sir, now, what do 'ee plaize to think of that?"

Nor in this pleasant retrospect of kindness and simplicity was the element of rustic grace and beauty wholly absent—the slight young figure that flitted in and out, with quick desire to please him; the soft pretty smile with which his improvements of Beckley dialect were received; and the sweet gray eyes that filled with tears so, the day before his college met. Hardenow had feared, humble-minded as he was, that the young girl might be falling into liking him too well; and he knew that there might be on his own part too much reciprocity. Therefore (much as he loved Cripps, and fully as he allowed for all that was to be said on every side) he had felt himself bound to take no more than a distant view of Beckley.

Even now, after three years and a half, there was some resolve in him to that effect, or the residue of a resolution. He turned from the gentle invitation of the distant bells, and went on with his set face toward the house of his old friend, Overshute. When he came to the lodge (which was like a great bee-hive set at the end of a row of trees), it caused him a little surprise to find the gate wide open and nobody there. But he thought that, as it was Sunday, perhaps the lodge people were gone for a holiday; and so he trudged onward, and met no one to throw any light upon any thing.

In this way he came to the door at last, with the fine old porch of Purbeck stone heavily overhanging it, and the long wings of the house stretched out, with empty windows either way. Hardenow rang and knocked, and then set to and knocked and rang again; and then sat down on a stone balustrade; and then jumped up with just vigor renewed, and pushed and pulled, and in every way worked to the utmost degree of capacity every thing that had ever been gifted with any power of conducting sound.

Nobody answered. The sound of his energy went into places far away, and echoed there, and then from stony corners came back to him. He traced the whole range of the windows and caught no sign of any life inside them. At last, he pushed the great door, and lo! there was nothing to resist his thrust except its sullen weight.

When Hardenow stood in the old-fashioned hall, which was not at all "baronial," he found himself getting into such a fright that he had a great mind to go away again. If there had only been any body with him—however inferior in "mental power"—he might have been able to refresh himself, by demonstrating something, and then have marched on to the practical proof. But now he was all by himself, in strange and unaccountable loneliness. The sense of his condition perhaps induced him to set to and shout. The silence was so oppressive, that the sound of his own voice almost alarmed him by its audacity. So, after shouting "Russel" thrice, he stopped, and listened, and heard nothing, except that cold and shuddering ring, as of hardware in frosty weather, which stone and plaster and timber give when deserted by their lords—mankind.

Knowing pretty well all the chief rooms of the house, Hardenow resolved to go and see if they were locked; and grasping his black holly

stick for self-defense, he made for the dining-room. The door was wide open; the cloth on the table, with knives and forks and glasses placed, as if for a small dinner party; but the only guest visible was a long-legged spider, with a sound and healthy appetite, who had come down to dine from the oak beams overhead, and was sitting in his web between a claret bottle and a cruet-stand, ready to receive with a cordial clasp any eligible visitor.

Hardenow tasted the water in a jug, and found it quite stale and nasty; then he opened a napkin, and the bread inside it was dry and hard as biscuit. Then he saw with still further surprise that the windows were open to their utmost extent, and the basket of plate was on the sideboard.

"My old friend Russel, my dear old fellow!" he cried, with his hand on his heart, where lurked disease as yet unsuspected, "what strange misfortune has befallen you? No wonder my letter was left unanswered. Perhaps the dear fellow is now being buried, and every one gone to his funeral. But no; if it were so, these things would not be thus. The funeral feast is a grand institution. Every thing would be fresh and lively, and five leaves put into the dinner table." With this true reflection, he left the room to seek the solution elsewhere.

He failed, however, to find it in any of the down-stair sitting-rooms. Then he went even into the kitchen, thinking the liberty allowable under such conditions. The grate was cold, and the table bare; on the one lay a drift of soot, on the other a local deposit of dust, with a few grimy implements to distribute it.

Hardenow made up his mind for the worst. He was not addicted to fiction (as haply was indicated by his good degree), but he could not help recalling certain Eastern and even classic tales; and if he had come upon all the household sitting in native marble, or from the waistband downward turned into fish, or logs, or dragons, he might have been partly surprised, but must have been wholly thankful for the explanation. Failing, however, to discover this, and being resolved to go through with the matter, the tutor of Brasenose mounted the black oak staircase of this enchanted house. At the head of the stairs was a wide low passage, leading right and left from a balustraded gallery. The young man chose first the passage to the right, and tightening his grip of the stick, strode on.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE FIRE BELL.

The doors of the rooms on either side were not only open but fastened back; the sashes of the windows were all thrown up; and the rain, which had followed when the east wind fell, had entered and made puddles on the sills inside. Such a draught of air rushed down the passage that Hardenow's lengthy skirts flickered out, in the orthodox fashion, behind him.

At the end of this passage he came to a small alcove, fenced off with a loose white curtain, shaking and jerking itself in the wind. He put this aside with his stick, and two doorways, leading into separate rooms, but with no doors in them, faced him. Something told him that both these rooms held human life or human death.

First he looked in at the one on the left. He expected to see lonely death; perhaps corruption; or he knew not what. His nerves were strung or unstrung (whichever is the medical way of putting it) to such a degree that he wholly forgot, or entirely put by, every thing, except his own absorbing sense of his duty as a man in holy orders. This duty had never been practiced yet in any serious way, because he had never been able to afford it. It costs so much more money than it brings in. However, in the midst of more lucrative work, he had felt that he was sacred to it—rich or poor—and he often had a special hankering after it. This leaning toward the cure of souls had a good chance now of being gratified.

In the room on the left hand he saw a little bed laid at the foot of a fat four-poster, which with carved mouths grinned at it; and on this little bed of white (without curtain, or trimming, or tester) lay a lady, or a lady's body, cast down recklessly, in sleep or death, with the face entirely covered by a silvery cloud of hair. From the manner in which one arm was bent, Hardenow thought that the lady lived. There was nothing else to show it. Being a young man, a gentleman also, he hung back and trembled back from entering that room.

Without any power to "revolve things well," as he always directed his pupils to do, Hardenow stepped to the other doorway, and silently settled his gaze inside. His eyes were so worried that he could not trust them until he had time to consider what they told.

They told him a tale even stranger than that which had grown upon him for an hour now, and passed from a void alarm into a terror; they showed him the loveliest girl—according to their rendering—that ever they had rested on till now: a maiden sitting in a low chair reading, silently sometimes, and sometimes in a whisper, according to some signal, perhaps, of which he saw no sign. There was no other person in the room, so far as he could see; and he strained his eyes with extreme anxiety to make out that.

The Rev. Thomas Hardenow knew (as clearly as his keen perception ever had brought any knowledge home) that he was not discharging the functions now—unless they were too Catholic—of the sacerdotal office, in watching a young woman through a doorway, without either leave or notice. But though he must have been aware of this, it scarcely seemed now to occur to him; or whether it did, or did not, he went on in the same manner gazing.

The girl could not see him; it was not fair play. The width of great windows, for instance, kept up such a rattling of blinds, and such flapping of cords, and even the floor was so strewn with herbs (for the sake of their aroma) that any body might come close to any body who had cast away fear (in the vast despair of prostration) without any sense of approach until perhaps hand was laid upon shoulder. Hardenow took no more advantage of these things than about half a minute. In that half minute, however, his outward faculties (being all alive with fear) rendered to his inward and endiathetic organs a picture, a schema, or a plasm—the proper word may be left to him—such as would remain inside, at least while the mind abode there.

The sound of low, laborious breath pervaded the sick-room now and then between the creaking noises and the sighing of the wind. In spite of all draughts, the air was heavy with the scent of herbs strewn broadcast to prevent infection—tansy, wormwood, rue, and sage, burnt lavender, and rosemary. The use of acids in malignant fevers was at that time much in vogue, and saucers of vinegar and verjuice, steeped lemon peel, and such like, as well as dozens of medicine bottles, stood upon little tables. Still Hardenow could not see the patient; only by following the glance of the reader could he discover the direction. It was the girl herself, however, on whom his wondering eyes were bent. At first he seemed to know her face, and then he was sure that he must have been wrong. The sense of doing good, and the wonderful influence of pity, had changed the face of a pretty girl into that of a beautiful woman. Hardenow banished his first idea, and wondered what strange young lady this could be.

Although she was reading aloud, and doing it not so very badly, it was plain enough that she expected no one to listen to her. The sound of her voice, perhaps, was soothing to some one who understood no words; as people (in some of the many unknown conditions of brain) have been soothed and recovered by a thread of water-fall, broken with a walking-stick. At any rate, she read on, and her reading fell like decent poetry.

Hardenow scarcely knew what he ought to do. He did not like to go forward; and it was a mean thing to go backward, rendering no help, when help seemed wanted so extremely. He peeped back into the other room, and there was the lady with the fine white hair sleeping as soundly as a weary top driven into dreaming by extreme activity of blows.

Nothing less than a fine idea could have delivered Hardenow from this bad situation. It was suddenly borne in upon his mind that the house had a rare old fire bell, a relic of nobler ages, hanging from a bar in a little open cot, scarcely big enough for a hen-roost; and Russel had shown him one day, with a laugh, the corner in which the rope hung. There certainly could be but very little chance of doing harm by ringing it; what could be worse than the present state of things? Some good Samaritan might come. No Levite was left to be driven away.

For Hardenow understood the situation now. The meaning of a very short paragraph in the Oxford paper of Saturday, which he had glanced at and cast by, came distinctly home to him. The careful editor had omitted name of person and of place, but had made his report quite clear to those who held a key to the reference. "How very dull-witted now I must be!" cried the poor young fellow in his lonely trouble. "I ought to have known it. But we never know the clearest things until too late." It was not only for the sake of fetching himself clear of an awkward matter, but also in the hope of doing good to the few left desolate, that Hardenow moved forth his legs, from the windy white curtain away again.

He went down the passage at a very great pace, as nearly akin to a run as the practice of long steady walks permitted; and then at the head of the staircase he turned, and remembered a quiet little corner. Here, in an out-of-the-way recess, the rope of the alarm-bell hung; and he saw it, even in that niche, moving to and fro with the universal draught. Hardenow seized it, and rang such a peal as the old bell had never given tongue to before. The bell was a large one, sound and clear; and the call must have startled the neighborhood for a mile, if it could be startled.

"Really, I do believe I have roused somebody at last!" exclaimed the ringer, as he looked through a window commanding the road to the house, and saw a man on horseback coming. "But, surely, unless he sprang out of the ground, he must have been coming before I began."

In this strange loneliness almost any visitor would be welcome; and Hardenow ran toward the top of the stairs to see who it was, and to meet him. But here, as he turned the corner of the balustraded gallery, a scared and hurrying young woman almost ran into his arms.

"Oh, what is it?" she cried, drawing back, and blushing to a deeper color than well-extracted blood can show; "there is no funeral yet. He is not dead! Who is ringing the bell so? It has startled even him, and will either kill or save him. Kill him! it will kill him, I am almost sure!"

"Esther—Miss Cripps—what a fool I am! I never thought of that—I did not know—how could I tell? I am all in the dark. Is it Russel Overshute?"

"Yes, Mr. Hardenow. Every body knows it. Every one has taken good care to run away. Even the doctors will come no more. They say it is hopeless, and they might only infect their other patients. I fear that his mother must die too. She has taken the fever in a milder form; but walk she will, while walk she can. And at her time of life it is such a chance. But I can not stop one moment!"

"And at your time of life is it nothing, Esther? You seem to think of every body but yourself. Is this fair to your own hearth and home?"

While he was speaking, he looked at her eyes; and her eyes were filling with deep tears—a dangerous process to contemplate.

"Oh no, there is no fear of that," she answered, misunderstanding him; "I shall take good care not to go home until I am quite sure that there is no risk."

"That is not what I mean. I mean supposing you yourself should catch it."

"If I do, they will let me stay here, I am sure. But I have no fear of it. The hand that led me here will lead me back again. But you ought not to be here. I am quite forgetting you."

Hardenow looked at her with admiration warmer than he could put into words. She had been thinking of him throughout. She thought of every one except herself. Even in the moment of first surprise she had drawn away so that she stood to leeward; and while they were speaking she took good care that the current of wind passed from him to her. Also in one hand she carried a little chafing-dish producing lively fumigation.

"Now, if you please, I must go back to him. Nothing would move him; he lay for hours, as a log lies on a stone. I could not have knowledge whether he was living, only for his breathing sometimes like a moan. The sound of the bell seemed to call him to life, for he thought it was his own funeral. His mother is with him; worn out as she is, the lady awoke at his rambling. She sent me to find out the meaning. Now, Sir, please to go back round the corner; the shivering wind comes down the passage."

Hardenow was not such a coward as to obey her orders. He even wanted to shake hands with her, as in her girlhood he used to do, when he had frightened this little pupil with too much emendation. But Esther courtesied at a distance, and started away—until her retreat was cut off very suddenly.

"Why, ho, girl! Ho, girl; and young man in the corner! What is the meaning of all this? I have come to see things righted; my name is Worth Oglander. I find this here old house silent as a grave, and you two looking like a brace of robbers! Young woman!—young woman!—why, bless me now, if it isn't our own Etty Cripps! I did believe, and I would believe, but for knowing of your family, Etty, and your brother Cripps the carrier, that here you are for the purpose of setting this old mansion afire."

Esther, having been hard set to sustain what had happened already (as well as unblessed with a wink of sleep since Friday night), was now unable to assert her dignity. She simply leaned against the wall, and gently blew into the embers of her disinfecting stuff. She knew that the Squire might kill himself, after all his weeks of confinement, by coming over here, in this rash manner, and working himself up so. But it was not her place to say a word, even if she could say it.

"Mr. Oglander," said Hardenow, coming forward and offering his hand, while Esther looked at them from beneath a cloud of smoke, "I know your name better than you know mine. You happened to be on the Continent when I was staying in your village. My name is Thomas Hardenow. I am a priest of the Anglican Church, and have no intention of setting any thing on fire."

"Lord bless me! Lord bless me! Are you the young fellow that turned half the heads of Beckley, and made the Oxford examiners all tumble back, like dead herrings with their jaws down? Cripps was in the schools, and he told me all about it. And you were a friend of poor Overshute. I am proud to make your acquaintance, Sir."

"Master Cripps has inverted the story, I fear," Hardenow answered, with a glance at Esther; while he could not, without rudeness, get his hand out of the ancient Squire's (which clung to another, in this weak time, as heartily as it used to do); "the examiners made a dry herring of me. But I am very glad to see you, Sir; I have heard of—at least, I mean, I feared—that you were in weak health almost."

"Not a bit of it. I was fool enough—or rather I should say, my sister—to have a lot of doctors down; fellows worth their weight in gold, or at any rate in brass, every day of their own blessed lives; and yet with that temptation even they can not lengthen their own days. Of that I will tell you some other time. They kept me in-doors, and they drenched me with physic—this, that, and the other. God bless you, Sir, this hour of the air, with my own old good mare under me, has done me more good—but my head goes round—just a little—not any thing to notice. Etty, my dear, don't you be afraid."

With these words the Squire sank down on the floor, not through any kind of fit, or even loss of consciousness; but merely because his fine old legs (being quite out of practice for so many weeks) had found it a little more than they could do to keep themselves firm in the stirrups, and then carry their master up slippery stairs, and after that have to support a good deal of excitement among the trunk parts.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

According to the "Monthly Weather Review" of the Signal Service, the month of January was marked by the following general features: First, the high barometric pressure in the South Atlantic, Eastern Gulf States, and Southern California, but low pressure in Oregon and Canada. Second, high temperature, the excess being particularly marked in the Northwest, Ohio Valley, and Tennessee. Third, an excess of rain from Arkansas northward over the Ohio Valley.

The rise, progress, and extent of twelve distinct storms are noted; the commencement of the great storm which prevailed in the beginning of February in the Eastern States being noted on the 29th of January in Oregon.

The exceptional temperature of the month had its highest development in the West, although, while above the general average, it was not the warmest on record, except perhaps in Kansas. Thus it is stated that in 1828 it was warmer in Tennessee and throughout the Atlantic and Gulf States; January, 1843, was warmer from New Jersey to Maine, and colder in the Southern States; January, 1855, was warmer in the West and Southwest; and January, 1853, was warmer on the Pacific coast.

The maximum temperature recorded for the month at Key West was 83°, and the maximum at Pembina was 34°. The minimum temperature at Pembina was 43°. The maximum wind velocity noted was 132 at Mount Washington, and 60 (from the southwest) at Davenport. The maximum for Washington was 45.

It is not a little remarkable that until recently nothing was known of the mode of reproduction of the *Proteus anguineus*, a salamander-like animal living in the subterranean waters of the caves of Carniola, in Austria, and characterized among its congeners by the absence of eyes, and as possessing other peculiarities. Quite lately, however, Mr. Franz E. Schulze has published in Kölliker's *Zeitschrift* an article on this subject, in which he remarks that while at Adelsberg in September last he heard that the Proteus in possession of the keeper of the caves had laid eggs. He made an examination of the specimens referred to as preserved in alcohol, and then established their character by a dissection of a gravid female, and now reports that the number of eggs laid is between forty and fifty, and that they are about five millimeters in diameter. Although the eggs were kept in water after being laid by the female, no special development seems to have taken place, and consequently nothing has yet been ascertained about their interior structure. It is probable, now that attention has been directed to this subject, it will not be long before all the phenomena in regard to the species, which doubtless embrace some interesting peculiarities, will be brought to light. The egg, as represented in the drawings, is about the size of that of a salmon.

The annual report of Dr. Young, Chief of the Bureau of Statistics of Commerce and Navigation, for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1875, has been published as a portion of the report of the Secretary of the Treasury, and forms an octavo of about 1100 pages. As usual, it is divided into three parts: first, Commerce; second, Immigration; third, Navigation. Under the head of Commerce is given the usual series of tables of domestic and foreign imports and exports, with the duties levied, home consumption, shipments of domestic and foreign commodities and lumber, etc.

The products of the American fisheries and the imports from foreign ports are also given in the series of tables. The value of the American whale-fishery for the fiscal year mentioned is given at $2,841,002, this including 1,090,951 gallons of sperm and 1,414,186 gallons of whale oil, 328,217 pounds of whalebone, etc. The cod-fisheries are estimated at 756,543 hundred-weight, with a value of $3,664,496; the herring fisheries at 527,633 hundred-weight, valued at $2,655,623. The entire yield of the American fisheries other than the whale-fishery is placed at $10,747,579, and the total value, including the whale-fisheries, at $13,588,581.

Comparing these tables of the whale-fisheries with those given by Messrs. Bartlett & Son, of New Bedford, for the actual imports during the year 1875, we find, according to the last-mentioned authority, that there were 42,617 barrels of sperm-oil, 34,594 barrels of whale-oil, and 372,303 pounds of whalebone.

The death of Mr. Charles Desmoulins at Bordeaux, on the 23d of December, 1875, has been announced. At the time of his death this gentleman was president of the Linnæan Society of Bordeaux, of which he had been for many years an active member.

A convention of the State Fish Commissioners of Ohio, Michigan, and Wisconsin met at Detroit on the 7th of February, for the purpose of determining upon conjoint legislation for the protection of the fish of the waters belonging to these several States. Among those present were Governor Bagley and Mr. George Clarke for Michigan, William Welch for Wisconsin, and Mr. E. B. Potter for Ohio. It was determined to recommend to the respective State Legislatures the passage of laws prohibiting the discharge of refuse from distilleries, coal-oil refineries, or gas-works into any of the lakes or rivers; second, to prohibit the catching of white-fish and lake trout in pound-nets during the period from November 15 to September 10; third, to prevent the catching of any fish with gill, drag, or float nets within ten miles of the shores of any of the great lakes; fourth, to prohibit the catching, killing, or offering for sale of white-fish of less than one and a half pounds weight; fifth, that pound-nets shall not extend over one mile from a base-line of seven feet of water into the lake, provided that they may, in the bays and indentations along the shore, extend one and a quarter miles from such base.

Number V. of the reports of the *Challenger* on ocean soundings and temperatures has been published by the British Admiralty, and embraces the report of Captain Frank T. Thomson, the present commander of the vessel, dated Honolulu, August 8, 1875. In this, referring to the 11th of April as the date of the last letter and report, he mentions that the deepest water found was 3980 fathoms, the bottom always showing red clay and manganese and pumice-stone in great quantity, the latter very much increasing in the near approach to the Sandwich Islands. He wrote that he expected to reach Valparaiso on the 5th of November, and, as we have since learned, actually arrived on the 19th. From that point he intended to sail for the Strait of Magellan, the Falkland Islands, and Montevideo on the 1st of December.

In a sub-report, by Commander Tizard, it is stated that in the section from the Meangis Islands to the Admiralty Islands, and in that from the Admiralty Islands to Japan, it was found that when the depth was 1500 fathoms or more, there was a uniform temperature. The same peculiarity was noticed between the Feejee Islands and Australia, the bottom temperatures there being the same as at 1300 fathoms. At a little to the southward of Tongataboo the bottom temperature was 32.9°; and as the United States officers appear to have obtained colder temperatures at the bottom between America

and Japan than any obtained by the *Challenger* in the North Pacific, Captain TIZARD thinks it probable that the bed of the Pacific is divided into at least three deep basins by ridges of a depth not greater than 1400 fathoms from the surface.

He further remarks that the highest surface temperature in the Atlantic Ocean was 79.5°, and in the South Pacific 80°; while in the North Pacific, from Meangis Islands to the meridian of 148° east (the farthest east point of the *Challenger*), and from the parallel of 2° south to 11° north, the surface temperature varied from 80° to 84°; and the isotherm of 80° was found to be at an average depth of seventy-five fathoms, between the parallels of 2° 33' south and 5° 30' north. Below that depth the temperature decreased rapidly, in one instance as much as 21° in twenty fathoms. No explanation of this peculiarity is attempted by Commander TIZARD at present, as he thinks it probable that the section from Honolulu to Tahiti will enable us to form a better judgment as to the causes that produce the banking up of warm water in the Pacific Ocean, as well as the peculiarity of bottom temperatures.

The Geographical Society of Amsterdam has lately initiated a project for exploration in Sumatra, many portions of which are entirely unknown. It is to the section known as Djambi that the efforts of the society are to be directed. This is traversed by a river, which, if navigable, will be of great importance in connection with geographical enterprises. The only visit by any European to the region of Djambi was in 1869, when VAN OPHUYZEN ascended the river for a short distance, but was obliged to return, bringing favorable reports of the pacific nature of the inhabitants and the fertility of the country. He ascertained the existence of several important tributary rivers to the main stream.

The proposed exploration will embrace two parties, one to ascend the river in a steamer, the other to start from Padang and attempt to cross the chain of volcanic mountains which traverse the whole island, running parallel to the coast. If possible, the two will join at some point on the Batang-Hari, a principal tributary. After this the different courses of the Sangit, the Teboo, the Tabir, and the Tembesi rivers will be explored, and the party advance slowly to certain points in the interior of Korintji, Assei, etc., about the beauty and fertility of which most wonderful accounts are current. It is thought that by prosecuting the work as a private enterprise, and not under the direction of the Dutch government, any possible hostility by the natives will be disarmed. A zoologist, and probably a botanist, will accompany the party, as well as an able geographer, and a linguist who shall study the language of the tribes. Efforts are now being made to collect the funds necessary to meet the expense, amounting to about two thousand guineas. This is to be supplemented, it is hoped, by the government.

The public printer has completed the printing of the astronomical and meteorological observations made at the United States Naval Observatory during the year 1873, embracing a description of the transit circle, the mural circle, and two equatorials, including one of 26-inch aperture. An account of the observations made by these several instruments is also given. In an appendix is an article on the Uranian and Neptunian systems, as investigated with the 26-inch equatorial. The meteorological portion of the volume gives the general results of the year, properly digested and classified.

Mr. FRANK H. BRADLEY, Professor of Geology in the University of Tennessee, has published a geological chart of the United States and Canada, prepared especially for the use of students, and extending from the Atlantic Ocean to the Rocky Mountains. He introduces some new views in regard to nomenclature of the rocks, and acknowledges his obligations to Professor HITCHCOCK and Professor BLAKE for the use of similar publications on their part.

Captain ROUDAIRE, in the December number of the Bulletin of the Société de Géographie, gives an account of what has been done in reference to the survey of North Africa in connection with the project of converting the interior of the Sahara into an inland sea, to which frequent reference has been made in our columns. No conclusions appear to have been drawn, however, as to applications of the observations made so far, although it is understood that Captain ROUDAIRE is still as sanguine as ever of the practicability and propriety of the engineering feat in question.

The thirteenth number of the quarto work, by Mr. HERMANN STRECKER, of Reading, upon the indigenous and exotic Lepidoptera, has made its appearance, with the announcement that hereafter the numbers will appear quarterly. The single plate is crowded with figures of Sphingidæ, of which two are new species, namely, *Pterogon juanita*, from Texas, and *Sphinx saniptri*, from Reading.

In a supplementary article are descriptions of numerous new species, and criticisms upon some recent publications by Mr. S. H. SCUDDER and Mr. A. R. GROTE.

The annual report for 1875 of the State Geologist of New Jersey, Professor GEORGE H. COOK, has just been presented, under the following heads: 1, Survey and final report on the fire and potter's clays of Middlesex County; 2, Collection of specimens of rocks, ores, minerals, soils, etc., for the Centennial Exposition and the State cabinet; 3, On the construction of a topographical map of the State, and the aid furnished by the United States Coast Survey in preparing for it; 4, Drainage; 5, Water supply for towns and cities; 6, Laboratory-work, regular and miscellaneous.

Under these heads will be found a considerable amount of information, valuable not only to the State, but to persons elsewhere interested in these subjects.

Some idea of the extent to which the extermination of the buffalo is going on at the present time may be learned from the fact that the Wilkox Tanning Company, of Elk County, Pennsylvania, said to be the largest of the kind in the world, and which is especially engaged in tanning buffalo skins, received in the spring of 1875 120,000 bull-buffalo hides. These were all taken within a few months previous to the time of shipment, and constituted only a small portion of the entire number destroyed, which may be safely estimated at half a million. One thousand pounds of very heavy bullets were picked out, partly imbedded in the skin or matted hair of this stock of hides. Several of these bullets were sent to the Smithsonian Institution, and will be exhibited at the Centennial display, illustrating the useful products of the United States as derived from the animal kingdom.

The seventh annual report of the American Museum of Natural History, for the year 1875, has been published by the trustees, who remark that the prominent objects to which attention has been given were the establishment of the geological department of the museum upon a permanent and satisfactory scientific basis, and the securing the completion of the new edifice now in progress under the Commissioners of the Central Park.

The first aim, they think, has been accomplished by the purchase of the private collection of fossils of Mr. JAMES HALL at the price of $65,000. The appropriation of $200,000 by the Legislature for equipping and furnishing the new fire-proof building on Manhattan Square gave the funds necessary to carry out the second object; and it is thought the building will be finished and ready for occupation early in the summer of 1876.

Among the additions to the collections have been the valuable collection of antiquities made by Mr. E. G. SQUIER in South America; a series of sixteen specimens of Moas, the gigantic fossil bird of New Zealand; the HAYS collection of mounted heads of the moose, buffalo, and caribou; a gift by Mr. D. G. ELLIOT of over eleven hundred skins of birds of North America, etc.

The number of visitors to the museum, as shown by a turnstile, was, for the week ending November 6, 18,904; the average for sixteen weeks, from September 18 to January 1, was 13,577, the average for the British Museum per week being 11,507, thus showing that the museum, even in its present circumstances, attracts more visitors than any other in the world.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

MARCH, 1876.

Saturday,	25.—Annunciation B. V. M.
Sunday,	26.—Fourth Sunday in Lent.

APRIL.

Sunday,	2.—Fifth Sunday in Lent.
Sunday,	9.—Sunday before Easter.
Friday,	14.—Good-Friday.
Saturday,	15.—Easter-Even.
Sunday,	16.—Easter-Day.
Sunday,	23.—First Sunday after Easter.
Tuesday,	25.—St. Mark, the Evangelist.
Sunday,	30.—Second Sunday after Easter.

A CORRESPONDENT of one of our religious papers thinks that he has found the chief secret of Mr. MOODY'S success in his business efficiency. "His prompt, earnest, systematic management of affairs impresses you not that he is a contemplative devotee, but that he is a thorough business man in matters of religion. His forces are thoroughly organized, and he has them under perfect control. Every thing is done decently and in order, and with great propriety and in good taste; but it is business emphatically. It is interesting to notice how his associates fall into line at his word of command. Venerable doctors of divinity, sedate professors, pulpit orators—who have a leadership of their own—all obey Mr. MOODY, who tells them to pray or to speak, and how much time to occupy. He has the power to control men effectually, but not offensively."

A very important Sunday-school Convention was held recently in Plainfield, New Jersey, beginning March 5. Its object was to examine critically the organization and methods now in use, and to suggest possible improvements. Among the well-known clergymen present were the Rev. Dr. CATTELL, president of Lafayette College, the Rev. Dr. HAYES, president of Washington and Jefferson College, Dr. VINCENT, Dr. JOHN HALL, and Professor L. CLARK SEELYE, of Northampton, Massachusetts. Among the topics discussed were Sunday-school conventions, superintendents, the merits and defects of the uniform lessons, etc. Carefully prepared papers were read by the essayists.

There is a Ministerial Bureau in the Congregational House at Boston which undertakes to assist ministers in obtaining settlements and temporary appointments. The charge for assistance in securing a permanent place is one per cent. on the salary for the first year, or ten dollars on every thousand. An annual fee of five dollars entitles the subscriber to all the information to be had from the books of the Bureau. Ministers securing a pulpit for a Sabbath pay five per cent. on the amount they receive, except annual subscribers, who pay three per cent. The Bureau does not yet meet expenses.

The experiment of reaching the non-church-going poor of the cities goes on in Chicago with much promise of success. The plan pursued is to erect a building with stores below and a large hall above, the stores supplying from rents the necessary revenue. The Halsted Mission is of this kind, and is very successful. "It comes out," says the *Interior*, "that the 'devil's poor' like to attend church, and will turn out largely if the door is not barred by Miss M'Flimsey's trousseau."

Attention has been called repeatedly in this Intelligence to the great activity of the Young Men's Christian Associations in the United States. As one illustration out of many, it was stated at the annual meeting of the Association of Columbus, Ohio, that the following was the regular programme of its Sunday work: At nine o'clock in the morning a service in the County Jail; at the same hour a service in the City Jail; at half past two a service in the Infirmary; at the same hour a service at the United States Barracks, where are 500 men without a chaplain; at three o'clock a service at the Women's Prison; at four o'clock a service at the Union Dépôt, for railroad men and their families—this last is usually crowded. At Louisville a Young Men's Christian Convention began on the 1st of March. At St. Louis the pastors, in union with Messrs. WHITTLE and BLISS, have moved to organize a Young Men's Christian Association in that city. Union meetings have been held in Binghamton, New York, for nine weeks, under the auspices of the Young Men's Association of the city.

At the annual meeting of the National Bible Society of Scotland, recently held at Glasgow, the income for 1875 was stated to be £77,000. The distribution of Bibles reached 295,000 copies.

A very remarkable speech was made by the Archbishop of Canterbury at the opening of Convocation on February 15. The resolutions adopted by the last Bonn Conference, on "the procession of the Holy Ghost," coming up for discussion, the archbishop said that he very much desired that those who were engaged in promoting the union of Christians should look more to the divisions near at home. He conceived it to be of great importance to promote union with the Episcopal Churches in Sweden and Denmark, with the Lutheran bodies in Germany, and the Non-conformists of England and America. He had no objection to intercommunion with Eastern Christians, but thought that the English Church should not lose sight of their fellow-Christians of the communions here named.

Mr. C. C. BONNEY, of Chicago, has written to the *Tribune* of that city letters to show that there is a provision in the ordinance of 1787 which bears upon the Bible-in-school question throughout the States formed out of the Northwest Territory. It is provided in one of the articles that "religion, morality, and knowledge being necessary to good government and the happiness of mankind, schools and the means of education shall forever be encouraged." Mr. BONNEY maintains that the word "religion" here used has its common-law meaning, and fairly includes the Bible as the basis of religious knowledge.

The New Jersey Sabbath Union held its annual meeting at Trenton March 7. The object of the Union is just now to prevent, if necessary, by law, the running of railway excursion trains on Sundays. The repeal of the law of 1873 was strongly urged.

At the anniversary of the Chapin Home, which was held in Sixty-sixth Street, near Lexington Avenue, March 3, Dr. CHAPIN stated that the institution was entirely unsectarian. Of its present inmates ten are Universalists, nine Episcopalians, four Methodists, three Baptists, two Unitarians, and one Moravian. It was opened December 1, 1872, and is free of debt.

At the consecration of Bishop NICHOLSON, of the Reformed Episcopal Church, which took place at Philadelphia, Bishop SIMPSON and the Rev. Dr. HATFIELD, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and Rev. Drs. BEADLE and BLACKWOOD, of the Presbyterian Church, participated in the laying on of hands.

Notice has been taken in this Intelligence of the Common Schools Act of the province of New Brunswick, and the opposition of the Roman Catholic voters thereto. The opponents succeeded some time since in procuring an appeal from the Dominion Parliament to the Queen, asking her to advise the Provincial Legislature to modify their law. A reply to the appeal has been received from Lord CARNARVON, in which he reports that the Queen has declined to interfere. Lord CARNARVON, addressing himself to the Governor-General of Canada, says: "As education is one of the objects expressly and exclusively reserved to the Provincial Legislatures by the British North America Act of 1867, it is for the serious consideration of those in New Brunswick who take an active part in relation to it, whether there can be an advantage, and whether there must not be serious inconvenience, in bringing under public discussion in the Dominion Legislature a controverted question which may possibly engender much heat and irritation, and over which it has not jurisdiction."

It is not certain that the Scotch committee having in charge the preparations for the Presbyterian General Council, will be able to accede to the request of the American Churches for a postponement till next year. Dr. MACDONALD, of Melbourne, is already on his way to Edinburgh. Professor ANDREW MURRAY is expected as the representative of the Dutch Church at the Cape of Good Hope. The American Presbyterians greatly desire a postponement to 1877.

At a meeting held by the lay Catholics of Davenport, Iowa, resolutions were passed declaring that they were in full sympathy with their clergy in the effort making to establish Catholic parish schools. The third resolution of the series says, "We firmly believe, and so declare, that we as Catholics can not in conscience send our children to the present public schools, because the Catholic religion is excluded therefrom."

This is giving a plain, outspoken reason for opposition to the State schools. The *Catholic Telegraph*, of Cincinnati, says that these resolutions "convey a reproach to many weak-kneed *quasi*-Catholics of the day." Perhaps that was the object had in view in their adoption.

The long-talked-of Conference of all Protestant missionaries in China will take place at Shanghai on the 10th of May. The topics for discussion are, "A Sketch of Protestant Missions in China," "Confucianism, Buddhism, and Taoism in Relation to Christianity," "Medical Missions," "Christian and Secular Literature," "The Native Church," "Ancestral Worship," etc., etc. Another topic of interest will be the selection of some one Chinese term for "God" and "Spirit."

A letter to the *Church Journal*, of this city, conveys valuable information in regard to a region but little known ecclesiastically—the western part of the British possessions in North America. There are three dioceses, Moosoone, Saskatchewan, and Attabasca, whose incumbents are appointed directly by the British crown. The Bishop of Rupert's Land is their metropolitan. English missionaries first arrived in this region in 1823. Bishop ANDERSON—the first appointed—entered upon his work in 1849. The Anglican Church has now in this territory a Provincial Synod, three Diocesan Synods, and a college, which is the centre of extensive missionary operations.

The old adage that "charity begins at home" is well illustrated in the benevolent work done in the city of Boston. Statistics compiled for the government show that in the year 1873 the city gave for home charities $3,466,437; the average given by its Protestant Churches to foreign Christian missions yearly is $80,000. This would show forty-three dollars expended for home charities for every dollar expended abroad.

In the third week of January the East India Methodist Annual Conference closed its session at Cawnpore, with an encouraging prospect for the year 1876. There are now under its care 3529 members, of whom 1950 are natives. Twenty of the American ministers are supported by the Europeans and East Indians among whom they labor; six of the native preachers are wholly supported by native Christians, and others are partially supported by the natives.

The proposal of Professor PHELPS, of Andover, that in small villages and towns where there are Presbyterians and Congregationalists, but only enough to form one church, the majority shall decide whether it shall be Congregational or Presbyterian, is received with much favor. Dr. PATTON, of Chicago, finds one difficulty in the way, which he states thus: "Congregationalism was once distinctively Calvinistic, as much so as was Presbyterianism. It is so no longer; and Professor PHELPS must not reason as if the facts had not changed. Neither our laity nor our ministry are exclusively Calvinistic, though they may be prevailingly so in a modified form. By the constitution of our National Council, it is agreed that the churches in fellowship shall simply accept an interpretation of the Scriptures in substantial accordance with the great doctrines of the Christian faith, commonly called evangelical, held in our churches from the early times. Now when the Presbyterian Church shall have taken a corresponding step toward the Millennium, the way will be open for a free interchange of the ministry with us."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

WOMEN'S RIGHTS.—The other week an old lady from Galashiels, having paid a visit to the north of England, set out on her journey "home again." After procuring her ticket at the railway station, she hurried along the platform twice or thrice, with a large umbrella under her arm and a hat-box in her hand, in search of a carriage in which to accommodate herself, but without finding one suitable. At length, however, she espied one which appeared to her the most desirable, and opened the door; but as she did so, a gentleman, the only occupant of the compartment, barred her entrance, saying, "You mustn't come here, my good woman, you mustn't come in here." "What for?" asked the old lady, sharply. "It's a smoking compartment," answered the gentleman. "Gudeness, man, that's the very thing I'm lookin' for;" and raising her rather formidable umbrella threateningly, she cried, "Get oot o' that, an' let's in." The gentleman could not resist such an appeal, and the old lady got admission. After carefully depositing her umbrella on the seat, and placing her hat-box below the seat, she drew out her black cutty-pipe, and soon enveloped herself in a cloud of smoke. She then entered heartily into conversation with her companion, and in the course of time arrived safely home, having experienced no further obstacle to the enjoyment of her favorite weed during the remainder of her journey.

"You didn't laugh at my stupidity before we were married; you always said I was a duck of a lover," grumbled a complaining husband. "Yes, that's so," replied the wife; "and a duck of a lover is almost sure to make a goose of a husband."

A LUXURY.—A traveler was lately boasting of the luxury of arriving at night, after a hard day's journey, to partake of the enjoyment of a well-cut ham and the left leg of a goose. "Pray, Sir, what is the peculiar luxury of a left leg?" "Sir, to conceive its luxury, you must find that it is the only leg that is left!"

The young fellow who makes engagements with the ladies only to break them off, is a beau of promise.

DOMESTIC GARDENING FOR LADIES.—Make your bed in the morning, sew buttons on your husband's shirt, do not rake any grievances, protect the young and tender branches of the family, plant a smile of good temper on your face, carefully root out all angry feelings, and expect a good crop of happiness.

Are the minutes relating to an affair of honor always drawn up by the seconds?

"That was very greedy of you, Tommy, to eat your little sister's share of cake!" "You told me, ma, I was always to take her part," said Tommy.

A professor of legerdemain entertained an audience in a village which was principally composed of miners. After "astonishing the natives" with various tricks, he asked the loan of a half-penny. A miner, with a little hesitation, handed out the coin, which the juggler speedily exhibited, as he said, transformed into a sovereign. "An' is that my bawbee?" exclaimed the miner. "Undoubtedly," answered the juggler. "Let's see't," said the miner; and turning it round and round with an ecstasy of delight, thanked the juggler for his kindness, and, putting it into his pocket, said, "I'll war'n't ye'll no turn't into a bawbee again."

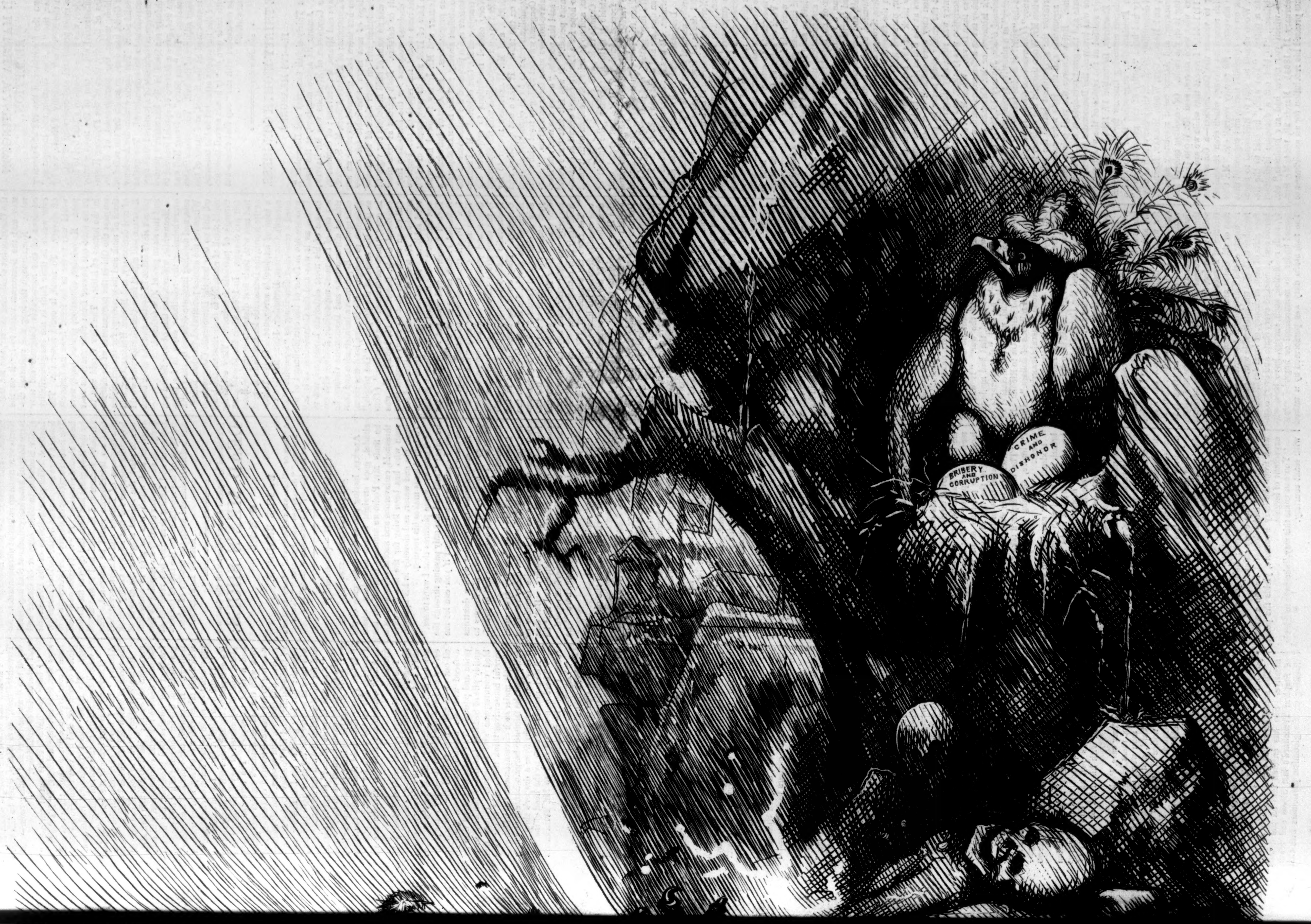
At the marriage of an Alabama widower, one of the servants was asked if his master would take a bridal tour. "Dunno, Sah; when old missus's alive, he took a paddle to her; dunno if he take a bridle to de new one or not."

FOOD FOR TALK.—Conversation being dull at an evening party, the hostess requested one of her guests to go home, that the rest might have somebody to talk about.

They tell of a Kentucky school-master who had his wife for a pupil, and found it necessary to chastise her one day. Next day a notice appeared on the door, saying, "School closed for one week—school-master is ill."

A LESSON.—A fussy little wife who habitually annoyed her husband by giving trifling and unnecessary orders to him when she was about to go visiting, was somewhat impressed by the same treatment from himself. He had just passed out of the house, and halting at the garden gate, he shouted, "Polly, come here." Thinking he was about to communicate something of importance, she hastened out, and presently stood at his side. "Well, what is it?" she asked. With a grave face he said, "Polly, should it rain while I am absent, you may—well, don't try to stop it. Let it rain." He then hurried off, followed by her slipper.

IT STRUCK (IN BLOWING OVER).—PICKING EVEN THE POOR SOLDIERS' BONES TO FEATHER THEIR NEST.


BRIBERY AND CORRUPTION
CRIME AND DISHONOR

THE MARTHA WASHINGTON RECEPTION.

Among the festivities of the 22d of February this year, the "Martha Washington Reception," held in the New York Academy of Music, was by far the most prominent and deserving of notice. The object was not amusement alone, but to furnish substantial aid to one of the most worthy charities of the city, that of the Floating Hospital, which, under the management of the St. John's Guild, has done so much for the relief of the invalid poor. The scene within the Academy was something to be remembered. The quaint and picturesque costumes of a hundred years ago, so faithfully rendered in Mr. Reinhart's picture on page 244, gave a feature of special interest to the occasion. The "tea party" in Irving Hall was a pleasant adjunct of the ball. The various States were represented at the tables, and many of the belles of the metropolis attended to the tea-urns, and with their own dainty hands served their numerous customers with the "cup that cheers but not inebriates."

THE THIRTY-EIGHTH CONGRESS.

II.—ITS MEASURES.

The Thirty-eighth Congress met December 7, 1863. Among its active members, at the head of the Committee of Elections was Mr. Dawes; of Ways and Means, Mr. Stevens; of Commerce, Mr. Washburne; of Military Affairs, Mr. Schenck. Seldom has there been gathered together an assemblage of men more remarkable for energy and resolution, and on both sides of the House there was no want of skill in debate nor vigor of assault or defense. Both parties at once drew their choicest weapons for the immediate fray. Mr. Stevens moved the repeal of the Fugitive Slave Law of 1793 and its complement of 1850. Mr. Ashley and Mr. Julian followed him with similar propositions. Mr. Ashley introduced a bill to abolish slavery, and Mr. Holman objected. Mr. Ashley again proposed the enlistment of colored troops, and Mr. Cox objected. Mr. Fernando Wood offered resolutions to empower the President to open negotiations with the Richmond authorities, and Mr. Washburne moved to lay them on the table. It was a test question, and 98 Republican votes to 59 in opposition showed that Congress was not willing to treat with rebels and slave-holders upon their own terms. "Slavery," said the people, "began the war, and slavery must perish." It was felt that there could be no hope for a lasting peace except in emancipation, and no security for freedom until it ruled from Canada to Mexico.

Outside the House, meantime, the tumult of war, from December 7, 1863, had raged with some variations of success. If the Union arms had been triumphant in the West, yet Richmond seemed impregnable; and in the opening of the session disaster and doubt had followed the Eastern armies. It was the supreme moment of the war. Desperate and really terrible, the slave oligarchy planned from its last hiding-place such fearful deeds as history has seldom recorded. The Northern cities were to be burned by a secret league. The Peace Commissioners in Canada were empowered to poison, assassinate, destroy. Immense sums were placed in their hands—almost the last resources of the Confederacy—to bribe Northern politicians and to instigate Northern miscreants to crime. Hotels were fired in New York or ships at Cincinnati. Peace meetings were held from New York to Chicago, made up of immense gatherings of "one nationality," resolute to save Davis and baffle Grant. Treason, assassination, mischief, filled the air; the lives of no Republicans were safe; and Washington, a frontier town on the brink of the disputed territory, was open to the intrigues of the rebels, and even menaced by their arms.

Daunted, but not discouraged, the Democratic leaders, through these memorable moments, laden with the fate of a continent and the destiny of labor, pursued their reactionary plans. In the very thick of the battle they struck their keen blows at the Union side. In beleaguered Washington they were suffered to cry out to the last that the enemy could never be beaten, that the country was ruined by illegal taxation, that the conscription was tyranny, and Lincoln a usurper worse than Davis. When Mr. Wood opposed the whiskey tax as a dangerous burden upon his New York laborers, or Mr. Chanler defended (*Congressional Globe*, January 19, 1864) the "corner grocery" in a plaintive appeal, when he cried out that the "spirit of undue taxation is the spirit of tyranny" (*Congressional Globe*, January 19, 1864), or when Mr. Wood thought the whiskey tax might overthrow the government before the rebellion, the arguments and the jests were suited to the theme. But whenever the vital points were in debate and the great principle of the freedom of labor was involved, the Democratic leaders invariably scoffed at the rights of the working-man. Mr. Edgerton, December 17, 1863, proposed his resolution censuring Lincoln for the Emancipation Proclamation, suggesting that the Union party had been "guilty of the gravest crimes," and demanding, in effect, the preservation of slavery, and Messrs. Cox, Wood, Holman, Randall, Pendleton, and Allen voted resolutely against laying it on the table. Of enrolling colored soldiers who were slaves, said Mr. Wood (February 11, 1864), "I repeat that while we are preparing to violate the Constitution—a Constitution which recognizes slavery, which even recognized the slave-trade for twenty years," etc. Mr. Cox took up the congenial theme, and suggested that Mr. Wood should be sent to Richmond to negotiate a peace. "You wish," he said to the Republicans, "to blot out a domestic institution with which you never had any business," etc. (February 11, 1864). March 28, 1864, Mr. Stevens pressed his resolution for an amendment to the Constitution abolishing slavery, and Mr. Holman and the Democrats voted to lay it on the table. Nor through the long and animated discussions of this memorable Congress did they ever waver in their faith in the indestructibility of slavery. To them, it could never die. The world was never to be freed from its bitterest pest. Knowledge, education, genius, hope, were to be shut out forever from their gracious seat in the homes of labor. The New World was to surpass the Old in the permanence of its distinctions of rank and its contempt for the principles of real democracy, and Messrs. Holman, Cox, and Randall still sighed for a Constitution that would permit slave hunts in Boston and the slave block and the slave pen at New Orleans.

Meanwhile, without, the tide of war flowed on, overwhelming the rebellious caste in its progress, and deciding intricate debates by the sword. Wherever the armies penetrated, freedom followed, and no one but the Democratic Congressmen could think of restoring to their masters the busy throngs of patriotic freedmen. They evidently felt the change. In 1862, when the Republicans had met with their first disasters in the elections at the North, the Democratic leaders had assumed a tone of intolerable arrogance. In the Thirty-seventh Congress, December, 1862, Mr. Cox offered a resolution describing as "assassins" "all who are not in favor of the establishment of the Union as it was and the Constitution as it is." In one of his most elaborate harangues, not to say one of the most unpatriotic, flushed with the tide of ultramontane and Democratic victory, he calls upon the Republican administration and Congressmen to resign. He insults, he defies them, as if in the name of the people. "The people," he cries, "have condemned emancipation." (*Congressional Globe*, December 15, 1862.) He was full of an exultation that to many seemed treasonable. He scoffed at colored education and colored soldiers. He quoted liberally from Vattel and Seymour. He invoked the mediation of the French Emperor, and was not sorry that sixty thousand French troops were pouring into Mexico. In all the measures of Lincoln and the Union leaders, he could see only "mockery, defiance, and persistence in doing wrong." And in the same strain, though in a subdued tone, the Democratic leaders harangued the Thirty-eighth Congress. They could no longer speak in the name of the people, for the people were on the side of Grant and Lincoln. They had no support among the freemen of the West or the Pacific coast. New York city and its ultramontane majority was their only sure ally, the New York Ring their only maintenance.

Yet from the summer of 1864, when Grant was steadily drawing his lines around Richmond, until the close of the Congressional term in 1865, the Democratic chiefs were never idle, or could abstain for a moment from mischief. Messrs. Holman and Randall bitterly opposed the Conscription Bill, or Mr. Kernan doubted its legality; Mr. Cox quibbled, or Mr. Wood opposed. Had they been able, they would have stopped the draft and left Grant without support. Mr. Cox was never weary of foretelling the rising of the West against the East, and a new disruption of the Union. And his words were re-echoed in every peace meeting that lifted its treasonable front in Illinois and Indiana. Mr. Kernan, more cautious, labored to show that Massachusetts had evaded the draft, and left the burdens of the war to fall upon the West. Mr. Wood was the financial authority of the Democrats and the insurgents. With horror he pointed out the frightful growth of the debt, and would terrify loyal men by a picture that he must now admit was not altogether rational or prudent. He was certain that the country was bankrupt forever. Late in February, 1865, when the rebellion was crying out in its last pangs for an armistice and a peace, Mr. Wood startled the country by a picture of its own financial ruin, and claimed that we owed already more than nearly all the world beside. He made an estimate that might well alarm and depress the nation. The debt, he said, was or would be $3,342,000,000, but this debt must be paid in gold; gold was at 200, and hence the whole amount to be paid was $6,684,000,000. "I am not without authority," he said, "in predicting that our public debt must be paid in coin." And he went on to show that the six most powerful nations in the world owed together a sum but little more than the amount he had asserted to have been the cost of the war. "It was the wrong war policy," he cried, that had made this debt. "Why, Sir," he said, "the attempts to take Richmond overland, under the dictation of the fanatical crew who yelled 'On to Richmond!' cost over one hundred millions of dollars." But he took care to exclude General Grant's expedition from the rest. In their last struggle at Richmond the insurgents probably heard Messrs. Wood and Cox with more satisfaction than did the Union Congressmen and the Union soldiers; and their Canadian Commissioners and their peace meetings at the North found their strongest allies in the Democratic leaders of the House.

But while the insurgents without and their active protectors within the national councils were incessantly laboring to stop the draft and deplete the army, to leave Grant and Sherman crippled for want of men and money, to set the West against the East, and New York against Pennsylvania, to denounce the war tariff as tyranny, to demand peace at any cost, discourage and alarm the people, reveal the weak points of the national policy to the foe, or ask, with Mr. Cox, the interference of France and England to stop the progress of the Union arms, the people, in the closing moments of the Thirty-eighth Congress, had risen together to decide the intolerable war. Such profuse gifts of men, of money, of loyal devotion, and heroic zeal as marked every State and every county, such resolution, such energy, have been witnessed under no monarchical or imperial sway. The sad, stern duty was performed by a united people. The treasonable peace meetings at the North were made up chiefly of ultramontanes. No large body of American citizens at that important epoch hesitated in their support of Grant and Lincoln. The poor quibbles of the Democratic leaders were swept aside by the logic of necessity. The indestructibility of slavery had been proved to be an absurd pretense. The vast region once held by the insurgents had been laid open to the Union armies. France and England had been warned that no interference would be tolerated. The working-men of Europe and America watched hopefully together for that mighty victory which was to mark the second stage in the growth of freedom, and which was to give to education, progress, and human equality an impulse no less powerful and lasting than they had received at the birth of the republic. On the fate of the contest before Richmond hung the destiny of labor.

Eugene Lawrence.

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DEAD MEN'S SHOES:

A Novel.

By MISS BRADDON,

Author of "Hostages to Fortune," "Lady Audley's Secret," "Strangers and Pilgrims," "Taken at the Flood," "A Strange World," etc.

CHAPTER LII.—(*Continued.*)

ALEXIS INVESTIGATES.

Alexis, having passed the outer gate of the citadel, goes straight to the hall door, where he finds Mr. Podmore sunning himself on the threshold, cadaverous and flaccid of aspect, as a man who has been living for the last few days upon gin and water, and slovenly in his apparel. To him Alexis makes his request.

"There are some pictures that I want to see," he says; "and as I am only passing through the town, I shall be much obliged if you can let me see them to-day."

He accompanies the request with a dextrous passage of half a sovereign from his fingers to Podmore's palm—quite a delicate feat in prestidigitation.

Podmore turns his gin-and-watery eyes upon the applicant with a puzzled air, dimly recalling that face and voice as in somewise familiar to him on the blurred page of memory. But that page is so much blotted and obliterated that he vainly strives to decipher the imperfect record.

"Ain't I seen you before somewhere?" he asks, feebly.

"Very possibly," replies Alexis.

"You ain't been a visitor here in the old gentleman's time?"

"No."

"Then it must have been in some former situation. Yes, you can see the pictures. There's no harm in that. Not that the pictures are good for much—reg'lar Wardour-Street duffers, supplied by the upholsterer, old Kabriole—and now he's served an attachment on the goods as chief creditor. He's been let in nicely, has old Kabriole. The 'ousekeeper 'll show you round. There's only me and her left in the 'ouse now, and it's very lonesome. In fack," adds Podmore, confidentially, "it's undermining my spirits. I feel that low I could shed tears by the pailful."

"Yes," replies Alexis, watchful of the butler's countenance. "It must be dreary work living in a house where a foul crime has been committed—the foulest of crimes—secret murder."

Podmore looks uncomfortable at this, but he hardly realizes Mr. Secretan's idea of a man stricken with the sense of guilt. But then there are some criminals so callous—some men in whom crime is, as it were, a natural outcome, and from these the agonies of remorse, the throes and convulsions of a guilt-burdened soul, are not to be looked for. Had not Nemesis overtaken William Palmer, in the person of his latest victim's step-father, that practiced plotter against the lives of his friends and relatives would doubtless have gone on driving his profitable trade, and gone down to the grave jaunty and debonair, liked and trusted by his comrades, the jolly good fellow of his jovial circle. Be sure no tell-tale muscle of Mr. Palmer's face assisted the task of detection, no quiver of that iron lip betrayed the hand of the poisoner as he presented the fatal draught to the lips of his friend. Phrenology has declared that in that man's brain the organ of conscience was wanting.

"The 'ousekeeper 'll take you round," repeats Podmore, slipping the half sovereign into his pocket.

Podmore's eyes are dull and watery, and his breath is flavored with juniper berries, or, it may be, turpentine; his limbs are heavy, and he is averse from motion. He calls a thin and vinegar-faced female, whose temper has been soured by a life-long devotion to the kitchen stove and an apparatus she describes as a bang Mary—a large metal tray containing a family of stewpans of various sizes, in which sauces, glazes, and divers savory compositions simmer gently in a perpetual warm bath. The *bain-marie* and the stove together have been too much for Mrs. Skinner's temper, which is a trifle too suggestive of that fiery region she has so long inhabited.

"This gentleman wants to have a look round the 'ouse," says Podmore, in those thick and hazy tones which have become habitual to him.

"Then he must come on the proper day," replies Mrs. Skinner, snappishly.

"Oh, but it's all right; he's got a horder. You're to show him every think."

Mrs. Skinner looks doubtful, but on a solemn wink from the hazy Podmore, yields the point, expectant of largess.

"You can come this way," she says to Alexis, with scant courtesy.

"I should like to see the room in which Mr. Trenchard died," says Alexis, when he has surveyed the drawing-room and dining-room—dismal tabernacles of upholstery.

"I hope you haven't come out of curiosity," says Mrs. Skinner, reproachfully. "It's the first time *I* ever lived in a house where there was suspicion of murder, and it's very trying to my feelings. My father was a respectable tradesman. I wasn't brought up to this sort of thing."

"Curiosity has not brought me here," replies Alexis; "but I have a particular desire to see the room in which Mr. Trenchard died."

He is about to say, "and to hear all you can tell me about his death;" but it strikes him that Mrs. Skinner, despite her acid countenance, will talk freely of her own accord presently, not for his gratification, but for the relief of her own pent-up feelings. He politely offers her half a sovereign, which she takes with a courtesy, and as near an approach to a smile as her features can shape.

"Thank you kindly, Sir. I won't deny that it's acceptable, finding one's self suddenly out of place, and disappointed of any little legacy one had a right to expect. I'm sure the pains I took with the old gentleman's curries was quite wearing to my nerves—scraped cocoa-nuts, and prawns, and chutree, and oysters, and all manner of fiddle-faddle, and his Bombay ducks, and his rubbish; but he's gone to his last account, and will have to answer for 'em all, I have no doubt, and for his deception toward his servants."

"And his favorite niece?" suggests Alexis. "The deception came hardest upon her."

"Ah!" sighs Mrs. Skinner, pursing up her lips. "When young folks hold their heads too high, Providence is on the watch for them."

Alexis remembers that "a favorite has no friends."

The housekeeper, considerably mollified by the stranger's liberality, leads the way to Mr. Trenchard's bed-chamber, where the furniture has a gloomy and even shabby look since the auctioneer's men have overhauled it—every thing pushed out of its place and twisted the wrong way, defaced with lot numbers, degraded from its pride and pomp. The bedstead heaped with an untidy pile of bedding, bundles of blankets, tumbled counterpane and sheeting. Things that careful housewives think they ought to get very cheaply under such circumstances, but which generally cost the feminine bargain-hunter more than if they came straight from a draper's shop.

Alexis notices the door by the head of the bed.

"There is a second door to Mr. Trenchard's room, I see," he remarked.

"Yes, Sir."

"Was that always unlocked?"

"Yes, that was kept unlocked for Podmore to come down to give Mr. Trenchard his medicine."

Mrs. Skinner opens the door and shows Alexis the landing on the back staircase, and the flight of stairs leading to Podmore's room. There are two more doors that open on to this landing. Alexis inquires about these.

"That one opens into Mr. Trenchard's dressing-room," replies Mrs. Skinner, "and this," indicating the further door, "into Mr. Pilgrim's room."

Alexis opens this last door and looks into Mr. Pilgrim's apartment, a comfortable bachelor's room with another door opening into the gallery at the top of the principal staircase. Lancaster Lodge belongs to a period of domestic architecture in which architects delighted in the multiplication of doors, and if circumstances prevented them putting in real doors, consoled themselves by filling in their blank corners with ornamental dummies leading to nowhere.

"Mr. Trenchard's room was as easily accessible to Mr. Pilgrim as to the butler," says Alexis. "And now show me Miss Faunthorpe's rooms."

Mrs. Skinner obeys, and Alexis finds that, taking into consideration that Mr. Trenchard's door of communication with the gallery was locked on the inside on the night of his death, Sibyl could only have entered his apartment by going down the principal staircase, opening a door which Mrs. Skinner declares to have been always locked after ten o'clock in the evening, and the key in her possession, crossing a lobby, and ascending the servants' staircase.

Stay, there is another way. If Stephen Trenchard's dressing-room has a door opening on the gallery.

He hastens to ascertain this. No; there are two doors to the dressing-room, but neither communicates with the gallery. One opens into the bedroom, the other into the landing before mentioned.

This must surely make a strong point in Sibyl's favor. While all communication between her room and her uncle's was cut off in the night-time, Joel Pilgrim and Podmore had easy access to the dead man's bed-chamber.

To this argument a counsel for the prosecution might reply that the poison was possibly put ready for the patient's own hand, on the eve of the murder, mixed with his drink or his medicine.

Yet in the former case, Podmore, who administered the poison, must have seen its deadly effect—unless the man were, as Alexis supposes, a habitual drunkard, and too far gone on this occasion to take notice of his master's condition. This seems too much to believe. Even stupid drunkenness would have sense enough to perceive the effect of a deadly and instantaneous poison.

He sees Sibyl's boudoir, where the prussic acid bottle was found in the work-basket. Might it not, he asks himself, have been taken from that basket full and returned to it empty by some other hand than Sibyl's? And yet how should any one else have known of her possession of the poison?

The housekeeper has been obligingly communicative. She has entered into all the details of Stephen Trenchard's last illness and death, dwelling on the gloomiest particulars with that

ghoul-like relish peculiar to women of her kind. She has described the finding of the body, its awful appearance, Miss Faunthorpe's mysterious flight, "which naturally set folks against her."

"You don't surely believe her to have had any thing to do with her uncle's death?" cries Alexis.

Mrs. Skinner shakes her head solemnly, till the crape roses and jet ornaments in her cap—she has brought out some dingy weeds laid by from a previous time of mourning—tremble and shiver.

"I don't like to express an opinion, as a Christian woman," she says, "but the opinion in Redcastle is that Miss Faunthorpe did it. She had the poison—there's no denying that—and she got it in an underhand way; and then on the very morning of her uncle's death she runs away secretly, and no one knows where she's gone."

"A way to proclaim her guilt which she would hardly have taken if she were guilty. She would not be so short-sighted as that."

"Murderers are generally short-sighted," replies Mrs. Skinner, sagely. "It's a merciful dispensation of Providence by which they run their necks into nooses. There's not much good could be done by the detective police if it wasn't for the short-sightedness of criminals."

"That's a very wise remark, Mrs. Skinner, and I'm surprised that so sensible a woman as you can imagine that poor girl guilty of a crime which would need a hardened sinner to conceive."

"There's no knowing where to look for hardened sinners," replies the housekeeper. "Black thoughts may lie behind pretty faces as well as ugly ones."

And Alexis foresees that with the female community in Redcastle Sibyl's beauty will be no certificate of innocence. He pursues the subject no further, seeing that loose conjectures of Mrs. Skinner's will in no wise help in the unraveling of this tangled skein.

"I rather wonder," he says, thoughtfully, still moving about the empty rooms, and making believe to examine the furniture, "that Mr. Trenchard should have employed your fellow-servant as his attendant in illness. I should have supposed from his manner to-day that he was somewhat inclined to drinking."

"Ah!" says Mrs. Skinner. "Well you may think so; for of all the sots that ever was, there never was a stupider sot than Joseph Podmore has been since his master's death."

"Since!" cries Alexis. "Was he sober before then?"

"Yes, Sir. Joseph and me has been fellow-servants here since Mr. Trenchard took this house, three and a half years ago, and I must say that Joseph Podmore has never laid himself open to reproach in all that time. Not but what he liked his beer at dinner and supper, and his tumbler of grog after supper, and a glass of dry sherry wine with his mouthful of bread and cheese between breakfast and dinner, but was never the worse for either."

"And since the death—"

"He has never been properly sober, muddling himself with gin and beer—dog's nose he calls it, and the very lowness of the name is enough to set any decent person against the stuff, let alone its being cold and comfortless to the inside—all day long, and that low in his spirits that it's a misery to be in his company."

"Low-spirited?" asks Alexis.

"Awful! and yet, according to his own account, things have prospered with him, for he says he's going to take a public-house and begin life as an independent gentleman directly he leaves here; though how he can have saved money to go into business, seeing that he has a wife and two children to keep out of his wages, and she an extravagant drab into the bargain, flaunting about after dark with a Paisley shawl down to her heels, and a black lace bonnet with roses in it, and a baby in one arm and a market basket over the other, which I call out of keeping—how Podmore can have saved money with such a drag upon him is more than I can account for."

Again it flashes upon Alexis that this man is the murderer. Every word of Mrs. Skinner's tends to confirm him in that idea. He pushes his inquiry a stage further.

"By-the-way," he begins, "have you any idea whether Mr. Trenchard had money about him at the time of his death? May he not have had a sum of money in his possession at that time—sufficient to offer a temptation to an assassin? Murders have been inspired by very small temptations in this way."

"I know that, Sir. But I don't see how Mr. Trenchard can have had much ready money about him. He had no call for it. He always paid every thing by check—even servants' wages. And it wasn't often that he paid the tradesmen any thing except at Christmas time. I don't see what he could have wanted with ready money in the house."

"You never heard of his keeping money in his room, or saw him open a box, desk, or drawer containing money?"

"Never."

"Had he any valuable jewelry in his possession?"

"I never saw him wear so much as a diamond ring. His watch was all he ever wore, and that was found under his pillow."

This seems a kind of no thoroughfare. If Mr. Trenchard had no valuables to tempt Podmore's cupidity, why should the butler have murdered him, and whence the talk about taking a public-house, since it is clear from Mrs. Skinner's account of Podmore's domestic responsibilities that he can hardly have saved money? A slatternly wife in a flaunting Paisley shawl, marketing after dark, is as exhaustive a drain upon a husband's finances as the bottomless bucket of the Danaides.

"One thing about money I do remember," exclaims Mrs. Skinner, after a pause; "and I must say it struck me as singular after I'd heard about that paper in which Mr. Trenchard declared he had only brought ten thousand pounds from India."

"What was that?" asks Alexis, eagerly.

"Well, it was the last night but one before his death. I was going up to bed, after locking my down-stairs doors and seeing all the others up before me—even to Podmore—which was always my way, and as I passed this door about ten minutes, or it might have been a quarter of an hour, after the others had gone to bed, for I'd been hunting for our tabby cat, which is a troublesome animal to have prowling about at night, though a good mouser and an affectionate disposition, and I was coming up in the dark, the gas being turned off at the main, when I saw master's door ajar—the door opening on our staircase, you understand. It was just the least bit ajar, leaving a narrow streak of light, and I heard Mr. Pilgrim's voice speaking as I came up stairs, and then I heard master say, 'Now, understand clearly, Joel, I must have that money—ten thousand in bank-notes—before the wedding. There must be no shilly-shallying. You don't marry my niece till that money is in my hands. No money, no marriage, remember; and the telegram to wind up the business goes to my agents on Saturday unless the money is forth-coming.' He had a very sharp, precise way of speaking, poor old gentleman, and I heard every syllable."

A new light flashes on Alexis. This Pilgrim, the odious persecutor of his wife, may not he be the murderer? The idea has presented itself to him before, but he has put it aside for want of any motive to ascribe as the mainspring of the action. But there is motive strong enough supplied in these words of Stephen Trenchard's. This threat to communicate with an agent in Calcutta might mean ruin to Joel Pilgrim. He must have been in some way in Trenchard's power. And to murder Trenchard would be to cut the knot of the difficulty.

Alexis Secretan's heart beats loud and fast. He feels as if he were now on the right track. That there is something mysterious—nay, guilty—in the butler's conduct, he is assured; but the butler may be an accessory before or after the fact, rather than a principal. There is apparent, as yet, no sufficient motive for the butler's guilt; there is an obvious motive, if this Pilgrim be the murderer.

"The first thing now to be done is to find out all about this man," thinks Alexis.

"Where is Mr. Pilgrim staying?" he asks. "He has not left the town, has he?"

"No, Sir. He is residing at the Coach and Horses. He was to have sailed for India directly after his marriage. That's why things were arranged so sudden. But, of course, Mr. Trenchard's death altered all that."

"At the Coach and Horses?" says Alexis. "That is where I mean to put up myself."

"You couldn't do better, Sir. It's the best hotel in Redcastle."

And now, having accomplished all he can for the time being, Alexis takes leave of Mrs. Skinner.

"I should like to have another look at the pictures before I leave the town," he says. "Perhaps you would not object to my looking round again to-morrow morning?"

"You are freely welcome, Sir, as often as you like. When I see that a gentleman *is* a gentleman, I'm very happy to oblige him."

Alexis goes from Lancaster Lodge to the Coach and Horses, whence he has addressed his telegram to Messrs. Levison and Levison. He is delighted to find a member of that firm waiting for him in the coffee-room—an undersized gentleman, with a smooth sallow face and keen black eyes, thin lips, compressed and horizontal. He takes Mr. Levison off to a private room, orders a bottle of dry sherry, and then proceeds to state his case without delay or waste of words.

"A junior in the house," thinks Alexis, with a look of disappointment. He would have desired age, experience, the wisdom of a Mansfield or a Cockburn, to guide and aid him in this desperate strait. "He looks a shrewd little fellow, though, and I dare say he knows his business."

Mr. Levison listens with quiet intentness, and makes no remark till the story is finished. Even then he is provokingly slow to express himself. He sits looking at Alexis like the head of Memnon, and compels his client to wring his ideas out of him by the closest questioning, and as he pauses for the space of a minute, looking his stoniest after each question, this process is rather slow.

"Do you think Pilgrim is the man?" asks Alexis.

A long pause. Alexis repeats his question, no gleam of light in Mr. Levison's countenance indicating that the inquiry has been heard.

"If he were the man, he could have got away by this time."

Even when Mr. Levison does speak he drops out his words charily through scarcely parted lips, as if they were pearls and diamonds and he did not like to waste them.

"True. But he might wish to throw people off the scent by remaining."

"Dangerous, that. He had ample excuse for going. His Indian voyage was arranged before Mr. Trenchard's death. He only had to carry out the arrangement. There'd have been nothing suspicious in that. He is in this house, you say?"

"Yes."

"That's convenient. We can keep an eye upon him."

"I can't see how we are to do that," grumbles Alexis, provoked by his solicitor's phlegmatic tone, "unless we could see through doors or walls. He may leave Redcastle while we are sitting here."

"No, he won't," replies Mr. Levison. "I brought a clerk of mine down with me, and he has got the office to look after Pilgrim."

"But how could you know any thing about him till I told you—"

"Do you suppose I waited for you to tell me? That's not our way in Italia Street. I had a chat with the landlord—heard all about your wife's arrest, and guessed what I was wanted for; heard all the particulars of the murder, or supposed murder, the inquest held in this house, and so on, and gave my man the office."

"And you think that Pilgrim—"

"I never think, Mr. Secretan. I wait for facts. If I squandered my brains upon thought I should have no brain-power left to deal with evidence. We shall hear what comes out at the inquest."

Alexis has to take this vague comfort for what it is worth, and make the best of it. He and Mr. Levison dine together, and then Alexis goes back to the jail and spends another half hour with Sibyl, who is low-spirited, but not so anxious or fearful as she might naturally be in so awful a position.

"Uncle Robert has been here, dear good man," she tells Alexis, "and has been feeling my pulse, and looking at my tongue, and prescribing tonics and port-wine and beef tea, and all manner of tiresome things. He quite broke down when he saw me here, and burst into tears, the first I ever saw him shed. It gave me more pain to see him than any thing that has happened since last night, when I thought you had shut me out of your heart forever."

"I thought so too, Sibyl; but sorrow has opened the door of my heart and let you in again."

"Ah," she exclaims, with a little joyful cry, "I thought you could not be long unkind! And you have not forgotten those foolish early days when we walked in Kensington Gardens, and you told the children fairy tales?"

"No, love; I have forgotten nothing."

"I will show you something some day, Alex, if ever this dreadful suspicion passes away, and I am free from the charge of murder."

She shudders at the word, and clings to him for a moment like a frightened child.

"What will you show me, dear?"

"A book—such a foolish old book—in which I kept a journal when I first began to care for you. It is all written there, every stupid thing I ever thought about you."

"The rise and fall, the ebb and flow, of love. That must be a precious volume, Sibyl. I would give a great deal to see it."

"You will laugh—"

"I am more likely to cry, remembering how Fate has parted us since then."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

"SNOW-SHOE THOMPSON" is the descriptive name of a sturdy man who, having carried the United States mail over the mountain passes of the Sierra through the storms and snow-drifts of twenty winters, is now thinking of retiring from the fatiguing business. His real name is John A. Thompson, and he was born in Norway in 1827. He was a boy of ten years when he came to this country with his father, who settled in Illinois. In 1851 young Thompson went to California, where he first lived at Placerville as a miner. Early in the winter of 1856 he heard of the great difficulties experienced in carrying the mails over the mountains. Remembering the snow-shoes used in his native country, the idea occurred to him that they might be utilized in the mail service. He constructed a pair ten feet long and four inches wide, and in January, 1856, made his first trip over the mountains from Placerville to Carson Valley, a distance of ninety miles, carrying the mail-bags strapped to his back, and gliding with his long Norwegian snow-shoes over snow-drifts from ten to fifty feet deep. He continued the business successfully. The weight of the bags was usually sixty or eighty pounds, and often more. Three days to go—on account of up-hill travel—and two days to return was the time usually occupied. He seldom saw a human being on his route, as there was not a single house which he passed on the long trip. He never wore an overcoat, and carried no blankets, and his food was so prepared that he could eat it as he traveled. At night he camped wherever darkness overtook him, sleeping on hemlock boughs, with the mail-bags for pillows, and keeping warm by means of a blazing fire. There was one oven-shaped cave on the route, in which he slept as often as possible, with a blazing fire at the entrance. Thompson seemed proof against cold and exposure, having never had either feet or fingers frozen, nor has he ever suffered any special inconvenience from his long period of camping out in severe winter nights.

The fashionable amusement of London now is "rinking," for we scarcely should call it skating. As a poet in *Belgravia* says, the rinkers are only—

"Gliding o'er the asphalt
At a rapid rate,
Taking it for ice, too,
Fancying they skate."

There are now something like fifty rinks in London and its suburbs. Prince's Rink is the most fashionable and exclusive, the Chelsea Rink is the largest covered one; then there are the Oxford Circus Rink, the Royal Avenue Rink, and many others which are popular and fashionable. Some American ladies have attracted special notice by their graceful skating.

A Kentucky editor writes as follows: "The snow has vanished, the butterfly is again abroad, and the spring birds sing their happy songs all day." But he adds a postscript thus: "P.S. Some more snow, and not so much butterfly and song as there was two or three days ago. We will not write them up again until we are confident that they are in business on a permanent basis."

There seems to be a mystery in regard to the breaks in the direct cable. Three times within less than a year the wires have parted near Torbay. The first break occurred three hundred miles east of Torbay, near where the cable crosses that of the French Cable Company, and investigation showed plain indications that violence had caused the disaster. The second break occurred about two hundred miles west of Torbay, and marks of violence were then found. The more recent break is believed to have occurred near where the cable first parted.

The dwellers on the east side of New York and those who do business in that part of the city are to be congratulated on the prospect of rapid transit facilities in the near future. The plans are all perfected, the route laid down, and work will probably be commenced in a short time. There is no question as to the necessity for rapid communication between lower and upper New York on the east side to accommodate the thousands of people who are now condemned to make the long journey to and from their places of business in the slow, closely packed, and inconvenient horse-cars, and it is to be hoped that nothing will be allowed to obstruct the progress of the work.

An epidemic of typhoidal character has just broken out in a Lancashire (England) village of about 500 inhabitants, where 150 people were taken ill. It was shown conclusively that the poison came from the milk of a sick cow.

The price of gas to consumers in New York city who live below Thirty-fourth Street has been reduced from \$2 75 to \$2 50 per thousand cubic feet. There certainly is no reason why gas should not be reduced in price as well as other articles, which have very generally received a reduction within the past few years. That there is feeling among the people to this effect is evident from the fact that the consumption of kerosene has greatly increased within a few months. They find gas costs too much, and kerosene is an excellent illuminator.

Forty-five men have just left Boston for Arizona. The location selected for the settlement is about five hundred miles from the railroad terminus at West Las Animas, in South Colorado, on a prairie at the base of the San Francisco Mountain, in Central Arizona.

It is estimated that at least 12,000 persons have signed the temperance pledge since the beginning of the present movement in the State of New Hampshire.

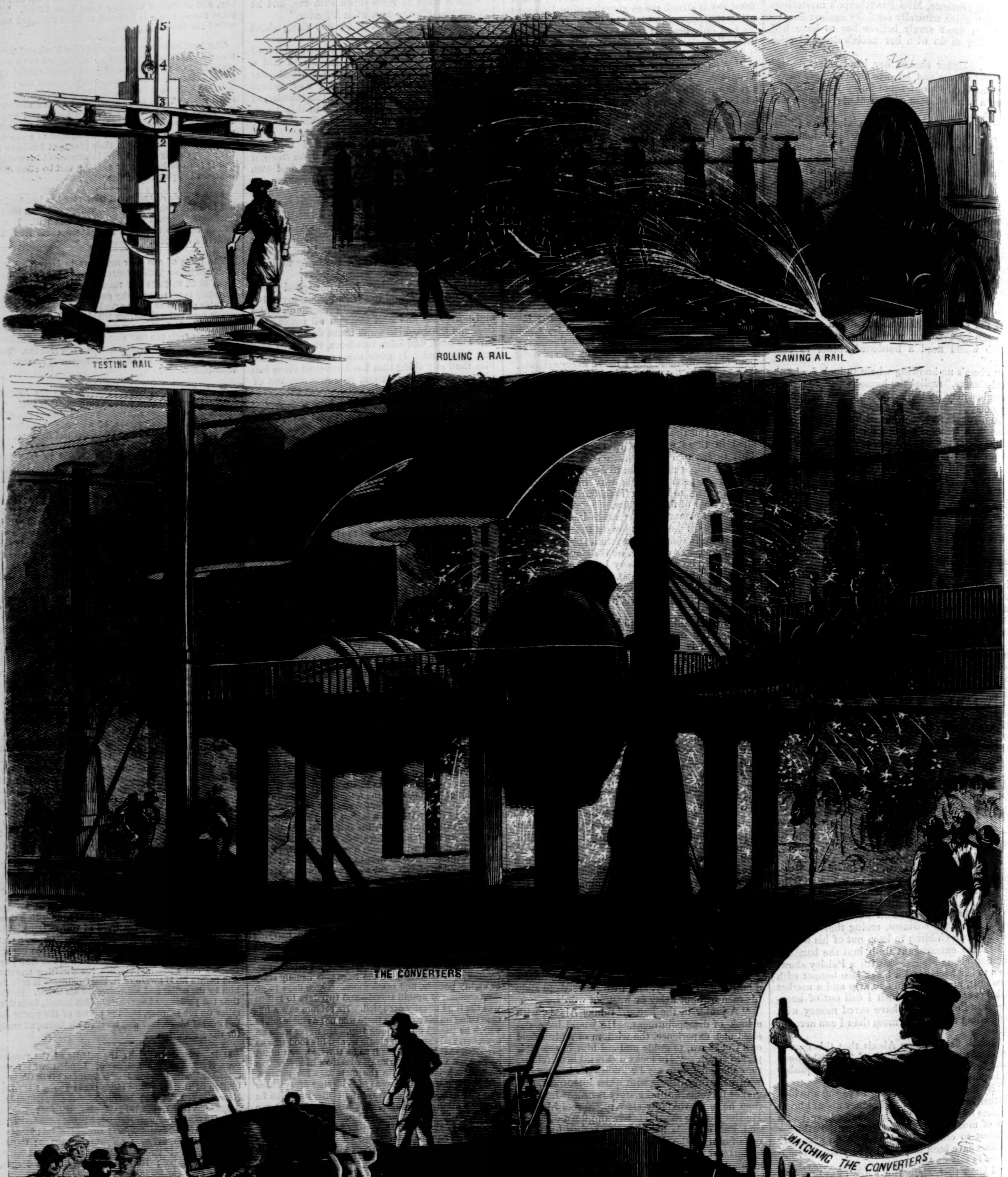
English gossipers have found something to interest them in the plans of the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh. In April it is said that the Duke will sail for a two years' cruise on the Mediterranean, while the Duchess, about the same time, will go to Russia for a visit of a few months. And people wonder why the Duchess does not go with her husband, and spend a while at some of the health resorts on the shores of the Mediterranean. Well, people must have something to wonder about—we mean those people who have nothing to do.

Kensal Green Cemetery, where are buried many eminent men of literature, is situated in the suburbs of London, about eight miles from "the City." There lie the remains of Sydney Smith, Thomas Hood, and Thackeray; and there, more recently, were interred the remains of Mr. John Forster, the biographer of Charles Dickens, and whose later work, the *Life of Dean Swift*, has established his high rank among English biographers. Among those who attended the funeral of Mr. Forster was Thomas Carlyle. The Portland (Maine) *Transcript* states that probably Mr. Carlyle is now the only survivor of the party who met at Lincoln's Inn Fields on the 2d of December, 1844, to hear Charles Dickens read his Christmas story of *The Chimes*, then in manuscript only. The party who listened to this reading consisted of Forster, Jerrold, Blanchard, Carlyle, Maclise and Stanfield (the artists), Fox, Harness, and Dyce. Save the sturdy old cynic and philosopher, all have now passed away. Maclise made a sketch of the party in pencil, which appears in the second volume of Forster's *Life of Dickens*.

Wonderful inventions will be made known to the world in this Centennial year. We fancy they will mostly turn upon devices for saving time and annihilating space. For example, we are informed that a Pennsylvania genius has already invented an apparatus for taking passengers on a train and putting them off without stopping the train at way-stations. The candidate for a ride to Philadelphia waits upon a platform, like a mail-bag, to be taken in. As the car approaches, a machine working on an elbow-like joint reaches out suddenly, catches the awaiting traveler, and before he is aware of it, the conductor is holding him by the collar and searching for his ticket. By the time the passenger has recovered his breath, he is fifty miles on his journey, and the porter of the parlor car has dusted his clothes and blacked his boots, all ready for the Exhibition.

It is estimated that by the middle of the present year, 1876, the population of London will reach 3,489,428. The London *Public Opinion* gives the population of the following cities thus: Paris, 1,851,792; New York, 1,046,000; Berlin, 980,000; Philadelphia, 800,000; Vienna, 676,791; Naples, 451,000; Brooklyn, 450,000; Hamburg (state), 370,000; Buda-Pesth, 300,000; Amsterdam, 286,932; Rome, 256,153; Breslau, 225,000; Turin, 217,806; Alexandria, 212,034; Copenhagen, 199,000; Brussels, 188,264; Munich, 185,000; Florence, 176,000; Rotterdam, 129,239; the Hague, 97,565; Christiania, 75,000.

A detailed description of the "imperial state crown of Queen Victoria" occupies nearly a column in a recent number of the *Court Circular*. This crown was made in 1838 with jewels taken from old crowns, and others furnished by command of her Majesty. It consists of diamonds, pearls, rubies, sapphires, and emeralds set in silver and gold. It has a crimson velvet cap with ermine border, and is lined with white silk. It weighs over thirty-nine ounces, troy. In front of the crown, and in the centre of a diamond Maltese cross, is the famous ruby said to have been given to Edward Prince of Wales, called the Black Prince, by Don Pedro, King of Castile, after the battle of Najera, near Vittoria, A.D. 1367. This ruby was worn in the helmet of Henry V. at the battle of Agincourt, A.D. 1415. It is pierced quite through, after the Eastern custom, the upper part of the piercing being filled up by a small ruby. Around this ruby, in order to form the cross, are seventy-five brilliant diamonds. Three other Maltese crosses, forming the two sides and back of the crown, have emerald centres, and contain respectively 132, 124, and 130 brilliant diamonds. There are numerous other ornaments formed of precious stones, but we will only mention the total number of jewels in the crown: 1 large ruby irregularly polished, 1 large broad-spread sapphire, 16 sapphires, 11 emeralds, 4 rubies, 1363 brilliant diamonds, 1273 rose diamonds, 147 table diamonds, 4 drop-shaped pearls, and 273 pearls.



BESSEMER STEEL MANUFACTURE.—[See Page 253.]

THE FESTIVAL OF CORPUS CHRISTI.

ONE of the great festivals of the Roman Catholic Church is that of Corpus Christi, held on the Thursday after Trinity-Sunday, in honor of the doctrine of transubstantiation. It is a day of great show and rejoicing in all Catholic countries, as it was in England before the Reformation swept away so many errors and superstitions from religious belief. The main feature of the festival is a procession, in which the pyx containing the consecrated bread is borne through the streets under a gorgeous canopy. Sundry figures follow, representing saints of the Church in a characteristic manner: Ursula with her long train of maidens, St. George killing the dragon, Christopher wading the river with the infant Saviour upon his shoulders, Sebastian pierced with many arrows, Catherine with her wheel, etc. The streets are decorated with boughs, the pavement strewn with flowers, and multitudes accompany the procession with every mark of veneration. In olden times Mysteries or Miracle plays were performed after the procession, and made a part of the ceremonial.

IN no country are the Roman Catholic festivals observed with greater fervor than in Normandy, where religious superstition retains a firm hold upon the ignorant and simple-minded people. The sketch on this page was made at Lisieux, a manufacturing town in that province, which contains a fine Gothic cathedral dating from the twelfth century.

PREPARING FOR THE FESTIVAL OF CORPUS CHRISTI AT LISIEUX, NORMANDY.—[FROM A PICTURE BY G. H. LESLIE.]

BESSEMER STEEL.

THE subject of our sketches on page 252, taken at the iron-works at Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, is one of the most complete and labor-saving manufactories of its kind in the world. The point desired in this process, and the one by which it becomes profitable, is the adaptation of machinery to perform labor requiring great power and almost human skill. Possessing the necessary machinery, the next point is to have pig metal of the very best quality; it should be delivered at the converting vessels or converters hot from the cupola, to avoid waste by sculling in the troughs and transfer ladles. The cupolas for melting the pig metal are the same as those used in a foundry. The converter is a large retort made of wrought iron, with a cast-iron centre, hung on trunnions, and capable of a three-quarter revolution. In the centre picture one converter is in position to receive its charge of melted metal from the transfer ladle, the other appears in a vertical position, as in blowing a heat.

Having received its charge of melted iron from the transfer ladle, and the blast being put on, the vessel assumes a vertical position, the process is thus in an instant brought into full activity, and small though powerful jets of air spring upward through the fluid mass. The air, expanding in volume, divides itself into globules, or bursts violently upward, carrying with it a considerable weight of fluid metal, which again falls into the boiling mass below. Every part of the apparatus trembles under the violent agitation thus produced, a roaring flame rushes from the mouth of the vessel, and as the process advances, it changes its violet color to orange, and finally to a voluminous pure white flame. The heat during the process has rapidly risen from the comparatively low temperature of melted pig-iron to one vastly greater than the highest known welding heats. When the heat is blown, the vessel is turned to a horizontal position, and melted Spiegel iron is added to the charge, which then becomes steel. This steel is so much above the melting-point as to admit of its being poured into the crane ladle (No. 2), which, being swung over the ingot moulds, is discharged of its steel through a nozzle in the bottom; the stream from the nozzle enters a central sprue, or funnel-shaped tube, and runs into the moulds, filling them from the bottom; thus the ingots are cast. The ingots, after being removed from the moulds, are carefully weighed (No. 3), reheated in a Siemens furnace, and rolled into blooms. Each bloom is then cut into three pieces by a steam-hammer (No. 4); these short blooms are again heated, and by fifteen to seventeen passes through a set of rollers each one is re-

duced to the shape of a rail, which is taken to the saws and cut the required length (No. 5). One of the short ends which is sawed off the rail is placed under a heavy drop, and tested by a blow of one ton falling thirty-seven feet. After being sawed, the rail is straightened, drilled, and punched, ready for shipment. In No. 6 the blower is represented in the act of blowing a heat, his hand on the lever which turns the vessel, and he is intently watching the flame through glasses made for the purpose; the instant he sees the change in the flame which denotes the end of the blow, he moves the lever, and the vessel assumes the horizontal position. All this work is done by hydraulic pressure.

Till BESSEMER'S invention was put in practice, steel was only manufactured by the crucible process—a more expensive plan, by which all the steel required for tools, springs, etc., is still produced.

By the converters a quality of steel suitable for rails is made at a cost about one-third more than iron, and as a rail thus made will outlast, on the average, six of iron, a great saving is effected, with greater security from accident.

Most of our Bessemer works (there are ten in operation) use native pig-iron from Lake Champlain, Lake Superior, Missouri, and other regions. The Bethlehem Iron Company use chiefly Lake Champlain, New Jersey, and Lebanon (Pennsylvania) ores in the manufacture of Bessemer pig-iron; also some African ores. The chief requisite in iron for steel is freedom from phosphorus. A certain percentage of silicon is required to intensify combustion and give the necessary heat in the Bessemer process.

BESSEMER has grown very rich by the profits of his invention, which he was many years in bringing to perfection. The mechanical details were greatly improved by American engineers. He was much indebted to ROBERT MUSPRATT for the method of alloying manganese with steel, by means of the Spiegeleisen above mentioned. This is a pig-iron containing from ten to twenty per cent. of manganese.

"KNOW THY OPPORTUNITY."

THE grim monster, Death, was stealthily approaching. I could almost feel his hot, fiery breath upon my forehead. My faithless goddess, Hygeia, had utterly deserted me. Only now and then would Morpheus befriend me, but on this auspicious day he had deigned to moisten my eyelids with heavenly ambrosia, and I slept. As I slept, behold, I had a dream! I thought that I was roaming upon foreign soil, whither my physician had sent me to recover my health. I was in a great metropolis—one of the grand marts of the world. In one of my strolls I chanced to meet a man who had in his hand a handsomely-bound volume, entitled "The People's Common-Sense Medical Adviser," and who said that he was an agent for the sale of the book. The title was such a novel one that I was impelled to give the work a casual notice. As I hastily glanced over its pages, I observed that it contained treatises not commonly found in medical works. But I had too many times been hoaxed by appearances, and I determined that I would have *nothing* to do with it. A voice within me, like a faithful mentor whispered, "*Know thy opportunity*; in that book is thy salvation!" I began reasoning with myself. Although doubtful and distrustful, yet I put forth my hand to take the book, and, lo! the agent was gone! I was miserable. In my agony I awoke. Great drops of perspiration were upon my brow. By my bedside was a friend who had called during my slumber to see me. Said my friend, "I have brought with me a book, just published, which I thought might interest *you*." One glance at the work, and I was assured that it was "The People's Common-Sense Medical Adviser," by Dr. R. V. PIERCE, of Buffalo, N. Y. Surely, *this* was the veritable book which I had seen in my dreams. My friend loaned me the work, and, every day, as my strength permitted, I perused its pages. Although it contained very interesting treatises on Biology, Cerebral Physiology, Human Temperaments, Nursing of the Sick, etc., yet, being an invalid, I was most interested in the subjects of Diseases and Remedies. I believe that I had a liver affection, and yet more than one medical attendant had pronounced my disease Consumption, and that I would fall with the autumn leaves. In that book I found my symptoms perfectly portrayed. I was then confident that I had not deceived myself. I reasoned thus: "Any man who can so truthfully depict my feelings, and apparently understands my constitutional tendencies, must know *just what* my physical system demands. I will trust my case with Dr. PIERCE. I will take his Golden Medical Discovery as recommended for my disease." The result is, that after having perseveringly followed his prescribed treatment, I once again enjoy the blessings of health. Therefore, I would say to the afflicted, "Know thy opportunity," and take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. QUIS.
—[*Com.*]

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MESSRS. WALTER BAKER & Co. have published a very stylish little book for gratuitous distribution, in connection with the exhibition of their goods at Philadelphia next summer. It contains a carefully written description of the *Cacao* tree, from the fruit of which cocoa and chocolate are manufactured; an account from Prescott and other historians of the extensive use which the ancient Mexicans made of the fruit, both as food and as a measure of value; the opinions of eminent physicians as to the dietary properties of cocoa and chocolate; the various articles manufactured by Walter Baker & Co., and the methods of preparing them for domestic use; and a number of choice receipts for delicious desserts, made in part from cocoa paste and chocolate. To give the work a permanent value they have inclued some information of general interest, namely: A list of the officers forming the Government of the United States; the American Ministers to foreign countries; a list of the States, with their areas, population, governments, etc.; and a list of sovereigns actually reigning, with their ages and dates of accession, compiled from the *Almanach de Gotha* for the present year.—[*Com.*]

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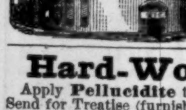

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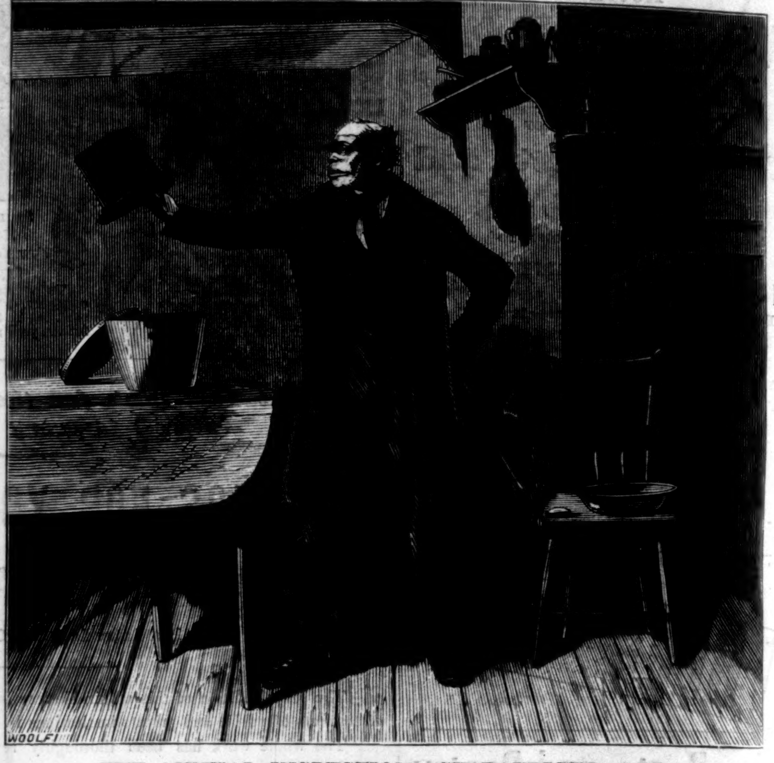

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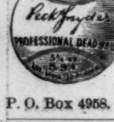

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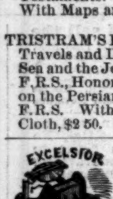

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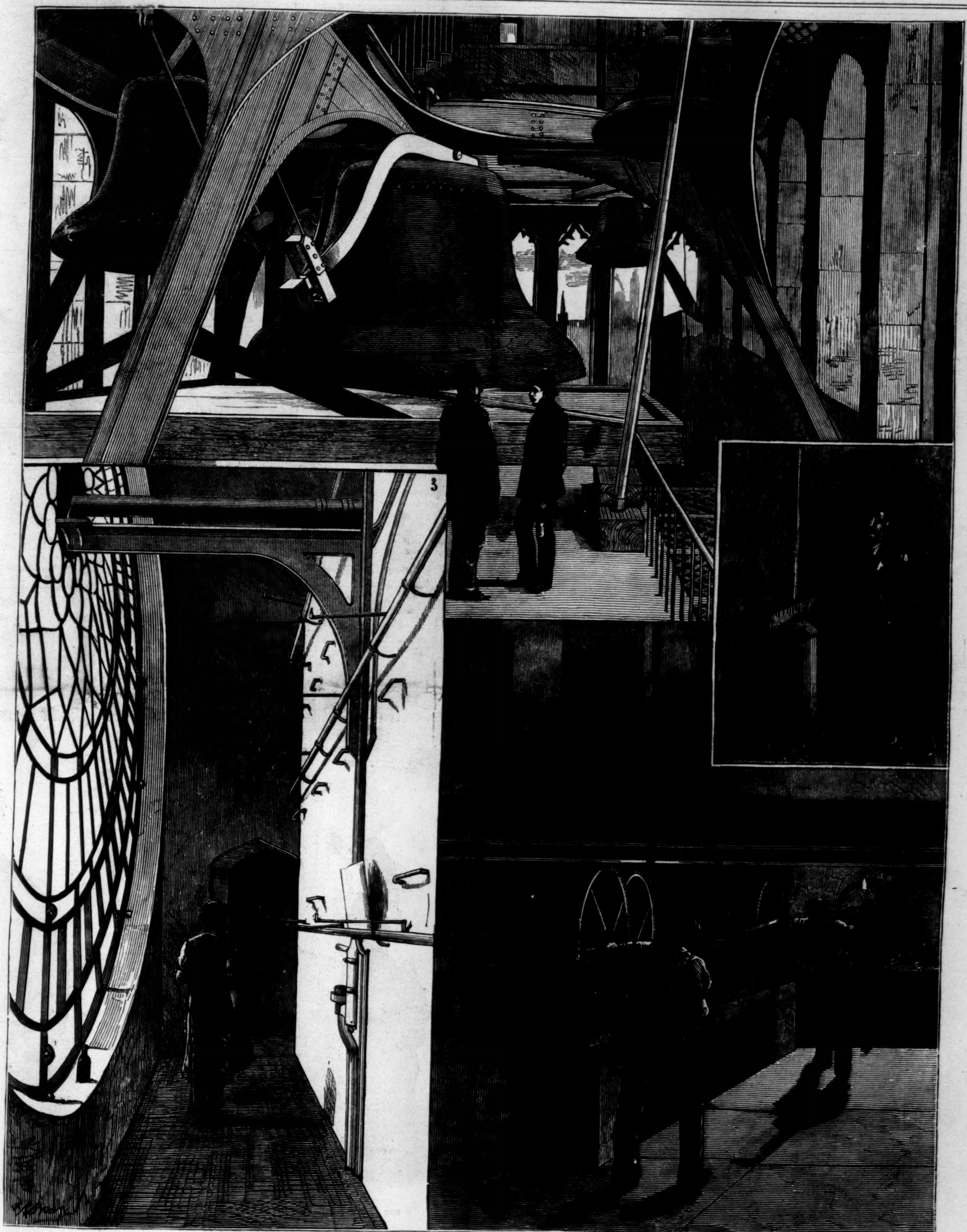

1. The Belfry. 2. The Pendulum. 3. Behind the Dial-Plate. 4. Winding the Clock.

A VISIT TO "BIG BEN," WESTMINSTER.

"BIG BEN," WESTMINSTER.

A VISIT to the great clock at Westminster, with its famous hour bell, called "Big Ben," must interest any visitor not already familiar with the wonders of London. To reach this marvelous clock it is necessary to ascend nearly four hundred steps; but the trouble is amply repaid by the sight of some of the finest views that can be had of the city and suburbs. The face of the great time-piece is twenty-two feet and six inches in diameter, and about seventy-two feet in circumference. The minute-hand, a little over eleven feet in length, weighs only twenty-eight pounds, being hollow, and is made of copper. The figures measure two feet from end to end, and the minute dots are exactly one foot apart. The working portion of the clock occupies little space compared to that required by the striking power. The former can be wound up in ten minutes, while the latter takes five hours twice a week. The weights of the first are one and a half hundred-weight, while those of the striking power equal one and a half tons. Were they allowed to run down, they would have a reach of one hundred and seventy-five feet. The pendulum itself weighs seven hundred pounds, and is fifteen feet in length. Reporting twice a day to Greenwich, the clock is kept so correct that it has only varied the fraction of a second in eighty consecutive days. The weight of the bells varies, but that of Big Ben is thirteen and a half tons. In the illustration on this page the artist has given us a series of sketches, the result of a visit to this sounding monster.

From old usage, bells are intimately connected with the services of the Christian Church, so much so that, apparently from a spirit of opposition, the Mohammedans reject the use of bells, and substitute for them the cry of the Imaum from the top of the mosques. Associated in various ways with the ancient ritual of the Church, bells have been invested with a sort of sacred character. They were at one time founded with religious ceremonies, as described in SCHILLER'S famous "Song of the Bell," and consecrated by a complete baptismal service—received names, had sponsors, were sprinkled with water, anointed, and finally covered with the white garment or chrisom, like infants. This usage is very ancient, and is still practiced in Roman Catholic countries. Bells had often also pious inscriptions, indicative of the wide-spread belief in the mysterious virtue of their sound. Among the superstitious usages recorded to have taken place in old St. Paul's Church in London was the "ringinge the hallowed belle in great tempestes or lightninges." From this superstition probably sprang the later notion that when the great bell of St. Paul's tolled (which it only does on the death of a member of the royal family or some distinguished personage in the city) it turned all the beer sour in the neighborhood—a fancy facetiously referred to by WASHINGTON IRVING in his *Sketch-Book*. The no-

SKETCHES AT A SPE G BEE

tion that bells are efficacious in dispelling storms still exists in some parts of the world; in 1852 the Bishop of Malta ordered the church bells to be rung an hour to allay a gale.

Nearly all the church towers of London are provided with peals of bells, the ringing of which is a well-known practice. The tinkling called chimes usually accompanies the striking of the hours, half hours, and quarters, while the playing of tunes comes in as a special divertisement. The ringing of peals differs entirely from tolling—a distinction not sufficiently recognized in those places where an ordinary ringing of bells is made to suffice alike for solemn and festive occasions. The "merry peal" almost amounts to an English national institution. It consists in ringing the peal in moderately quick time and in a certain order, without interruption, for the space of an hour. The English appear to be fond of these peals and the associations they call up. They actually make bequests to endow periodical peals in their parish church towers, leaving, for example, so much money to ring a merry peal for an hour on a certain evening in the week, to commemorate victories or some other subject of national rejoicing, for all time to come. One of the most celebrated peals of bells in London is that of St. Mary-le-Bow, Cheapside, which forms the basis of a proverbial expression meant to mark emphatically a London nativity—"Born within the sound of Bow-bells." Brand speaks of a substantial endowment by a citizen for the ringing of Bow-bells early every morning to wake up the London apprentices.

Frequently, in compliment to a newly opened church, efforts are at once made to supply it with the proper number of bells, and to endow it for the weekly peal. It is common for some of the humbler class of parishioners to form a company of bell-ringers, acting under the authority of the church-warden. Some endowments for peals embrace a supper as well as payment in money to the ringers; and of course, under such circumstances, there is little risk of the custom of merry peals falling into disuse. The consequence is that what with marriages and other festive celebrations, and as the result of endowments, merry peals are almost constantly going on somewhere in the metropolis—a fine proof of the naturally cheerful and generous temperament of the English, and of their respect for old customs.

SKETCHES AT A SPELLING BEE.

Spelling matches are an old institution upon American shores, but among our English cousins they are "something new under the sun," and the sensation they produce is in proportion to their novelty. The fact that they are a purely Yankee invention, indigenous to the soil, can never be contested, for we hear of their having occurred in New England as early as the beginning of this century, while the "blarsted Britisher" has but just begun to get the attraction and fascination of a spelling bee through his conservative brain. It was only natural that Brother Jonathan, who required the whole of Boston Harbor for a teapot, preferred his native homespun to the silken fabrics of the father-land, and fought his battles barefoot, should ref m orthogr er the manner of a ace Englis boy. To invent a ne of contend dictionary difficultie y in harmo his national charact

The above sketch s an Engli ing match in active eration. duct of the affair h ntly been i to the curate. Atti clerical sui cupies a prominent the central and behind him ar ed pundits parish. Sex is ar st sex; th ically weaker, but, n orthogra stronger, is banded against th enemy, whose disco this case is certain. The wor on is "ce There is an air of ity about th

...G BEE IN ENGLAND.

...n orthography aft-
...ace English school-
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...s an English spell-
...peration. The con-
...ntly been intrusted
... clerical suit, he oc-
... the central sketch,
...ned pundits of the
...nst sex; the phys-
...n orthographically
... against the male
... this case is almost
...ion is "celibacy."
...rity about the aspirant for orthographical fame to whose lot it has fallen to grapple with this obnoxious polysyllable, in comparison with the smiling faces that surround her, that suggests the story of the frivolous young woman to whom an elder once remarked, "Susan, it is a solemn thing to get married." "Yes," replied the far-sighted maiden, "but a great deal solemner not to."

There are moments during the evening when the serious business that has brought the company together is interrupted by entertainment of a lighter character. We never claimed in America a monopoly of the melodious youth, unsuccessful in the matter of whiskers, whose irresolute legs and mild voice are strangely at variance with the awful threats of violence he utters in song. He is ubiquitous at all small entertainments in all parts of the globe. What becomes of him in a crowd is never known, but where two or three are gathered together, or even a score, he never fails to be unpleasantly prominent. In the opposite corner we find a group of three: conspicuous in the foreground is the female who not only "knew she was right," but could back her assertion by the printed and approved evidence of indisputable authority. The humiliated curate, whose education has cost him years of toil, and the aged man so narrowly saved from going down to the grave in ignorance of the correct manner of spelling the word in question, stand with downcast eyes before the erudition of this female Daniel come to judgment. It is a sad thought; but can the irreverent artist have intended to caricature his sovereign in this sketch?

It is a common thing in this age of progress for the elders to be appalled by the amount of learning which the *enfant terrible* stores away in his head for the express purpose of exploding it upon his friends in unsuspecting moments. The awful sense of superiority which animates the small creature, the pompous swelling of his diminutive frame, and the insolence expressed by his extended elbows and erect forelock, are well portrayed in the next drawing. The old gentlemen are speechless, the curate aghast. Young England, whose human nature seems to resemble that of Young America, is master of the scene, and he will never yield an inch of the vantage-ground to which his attainments elevate him.

What position in life can be more embarrassing than that of a modest young curate who sees before him the object of his affections, upon whose favor hangs his hope of happiness, blundering in hopeless mystification over the useless consonants that persist in mixing themselves up in the small word "yacht?" He has not dared to select an easy one, for fear that the state of his feelings might become apparent to the whole company. Accordingly, in desperation, he has lighted upon a small one. "Anacephalæosis" could not crush the small boy, surely "yacht" will not overwhelm the maiden. With fear and trembling he hears her begin. The first letter is successful, but oral common-sense leads her to introduce an unaccustomed vowel, and the disaster is complete. He must inform her of her failure, destroy her hopes of triumph in the great spelling match, and perhaps extinguish the gentle flame of love that